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The Part Lieutenant Fincham Played

YOUNG DOCTOR WESTERFIELD'S ADVENTURE

By W. Pett Ridge

YOUNG Doctor Westerfield hurried from Paddington Station, and in a quarter of an hour he was at home in Pembridge Gardens.

"My dear Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerfield. She put down her pen and dropped the blotting-pad hastily over some writing. "I didn't expect you until to-morrow."

Westerfield stooped and kissed his wife.

"I'll go back if you like, Sweet."

He called her Sweet because her name was Ermyntrude. Besides, he was quite a young husband.

"I had an engagement for to-night," she said thoughtfully. "I had better put it off."

"Not at all. I shall be out at that lecture in Albemarle Street."

"Good!" (with an air of relief). "What's your book, there? Let me look at it."

"Better not, dear. I only bought it to kill time in the train."

"Sounds like a criminal offense."

"To read many of these things," said Westerfield, taking away the French novel, "is to get a vague impression that there is no honesty nor sincerity in the world; that every household is a *ménage à trois*."

"I know what you mean. My new book will have nothing of that in it."

"If it respects the proprieties," remarked Westerfield, "people will think that it was a man who wrote it."

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"I can't help wishing I had brushed about a little," said Mrs. Westerfield, thoughtfully.

"Brushed whom about?"

"There are such a lot of situations in life that I have never experienced. Now, a man can run about and go just where he pleases."

"I'm afraid it can't be remedied, dear," he said.

"That's just why I am grumbling. I've been down in the East End once or twice while you have been away."

"Not alone, I hope?"

"Oh, no, dear. No. Not alone." Mrs. Westerfield laughed. "I had some one to accompany me."

"I'm glad of that. You can't be too careful of what you do."

"That's what I thought. Did your speech go really well at the Congress? I bought up all the papers that had reports about it. It seems to me, Mister, that if I don't hustle you'll get more talked about than I."

"I like to keep as near you as I possibly can, dear."

"Unhand me, sir, as you value your precious life!"

At which challenge Westerfield, of course, came from the other side of the table and affectionately kissed her again. In his absent-minded way, Westerfield went round to the Royal Institution after dinner without asking Ermyntrude about her appointment. The lecturer did not appear, and he came back. On the table of his study was a card—

"I am going to Hammersmith with Lieutenant Fincham. Back late."

Dr. Westerfield went on with the novel, but somehow the story did not hold his attention. His mind kept wandering off into the past, to the time when he and she were sweethearts. He was thinking of that night after the Radley's ball, when she forgot her fan just as they were starting home.

He recalled, distinctly, how sweet she looked leaning back against the cushions. He recalled, too, how, after starting for the fan, he returned to look again into the carriage. How beautiful she looked as she requested that he kindly hasten to do her bidding! Four times, now, he had read page one hundred and seventeen; he suddenly stopped.

"Who the deuce is Lieutenant Fincham?" he cried aloud. There was no one in the room to answer. He pressed the bell.

"Maria!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know"—he picked up the card—"do you know any one named Lieutenant Fincham? Can you tell me who he is?"

"If your mistress comes in, ask her to wait up for me. Be sure you don't forget."

"Very good, sir."

"One moment, Maria. Do you happen to know to what address your mistress has gone?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I know."

"Give it to me at once," he said sternly. "Come, now, let me have no prevarication. This is a matter of nearly life and death."

"Bless my soul!" said Maria, with a confused, flurried manner; "fancy it coming to this!"

"Give me the address, I say."

"Well, sir," protested Maria, "give me time to breathe."

Maria gave the address, and Doctor Westerfield took it down. The maid fetched his coat and hat.

"I went there myself yesterday," said Maria, "with a note, sir, and I waited for an answer. When you get out of the station you take the first turning to the——"

Maria mentioned to cook that she had been pretty sure the master wouldn't like it

"HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE LOOKED!"

Maria, with difficulty, repressed a broad smile, and her face became very red.

"Oh, yes, sir," Maria giggled, and coughed a little to pass it off. "Yes, sir; quite well. Called here two or three times since you've been away."

"To see your mistress?"

"Yes, sir. They had dinner together one evening. Seemed very thick with each other, they did. And, then, one night a Captain Somebody called as well, and you should have 'eard them two carry on."

"Is—is Lieutenant Fincham young?"

"Mejum age, sir. Not what I should call exactly good-looking, and, on the other 'and, not bad. Of course some of 'em in the Army, as cook says, are perfect bird-frighteners. Cook used to have a young man in the Grenadiers, and he told cook a rare joke about one of 'em. It appears——"

"You needn't wait, Maria." He spoke with such decision that he startled the maid. when he heard about it, but that she had never expected he would fly into quite such a temper over it. To which cook replied, with a sigh, that men were a bad lot, look at 'em how you would, and that you never knew what they were going to be up to from one moment to another.

"I am going out, Carey." Dr. Westerfield was stopped at the door by a friend. "I am just off to see Hammersmith to make some inquiries."

"I'll come with you," said Mr. Carey. "I've only just finished work at the Temple, and I was calling to ask when you were expected home. I know Mrs. Westerfield sees scarcely anybody while you are away."

"Scarcely anybody."

"I liked her last book," went on Mr. Carey. "What will the next be like?"

"It ought to be very lively," said Westerfield as calmly as he could. "She seems to be taking a lot of trouble over it."

He caught sight of his reflection in a mirror in the hall. We are not all of a military appearance, and it occurred swiftly to Westerfield that he possessed distinctly a civilian style of features.

"We'd better go by Underground, I think, Carey."

"I am very young to die," pleaded Mr. Carey. "Let's take a cab."

As the hansom went along Hammersmith way, Westerfield thought out the first speech to be addressed to his errant wife.

"My wife has gone out," said Westerfield, leaning over the splash-board, "on some very important business, and——"

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"She's a deuce of a one to work," said Mr. Carey. "Last time I met her she cross-examined me on certain points of law, and I found, at the end, I had told her nearly all I knew."

"The information is sure to be useful to her," said the other grimly. "I want to ask you something. If you wanted a separation from your wife, how would you set about it? What would be the beginning?"

"As I'm not married," said Mr. Carey, looking at the white ash of his cigar, "there is no immediate necessity for me to get a divorce."

"I don't mean you in particular," said Westerfield with some impatience—"I mean anybody. Supposing I wanted to get rid of my partner in the marriage business, what then?"

"It's a very odd thing, old chap," said Mr. Carey; "but that is precisely the question, word for word, that Mrs. Westerfield asked me not long since."

"A very natural inquiry on her part."

"But what in the world can you want to know it for? You're not writing a romance, are you?"

"No; there's no romance on my side of the game, Carey. It's all dead earnest."

"Had a row?"

"Not yet. Going to have one, though, and a big one."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Carey joyously. "I'll bet you half a sovereign you don't."

"I haven't had a bet since I left school," said Westerfield, "but I'll take that. I'll be sure to win."

"With young married people," said Mr. Carey wisely, "it is so easy for little disputes to create a great deal of trouble. Now, if there's anything of that kind, Westerfield, take my advice and give way before you are made to."

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"I'll give anything else," said Westerfield firmly, "but I'm hanged if I'll give way this time."

"There's no question of hanging," said Mr. Carey; "it's not a capital offense. All you've got to do is to use *savoir-faire*. *Savoir-faire* is matchless for putting a new complexion on things. A small quantity of *savoir-faire* used regularly creates an agreeable and a refreshing——"

"Here she is!" cried Westerfield.

His young wife, warmly wrapped up in furs, was hurrying along. She did not look aside; she did not even glance at the lighted-up shop-windows.

"Let us get out," said Mr. Carey, putting his umbrella up. "And mind, Westerfield, no unnecessary nonsense. I want to win that half-sovereign."

It appalled Westerfield to see how very calmly his wife accepted their sudden appearance. It seemed to him that an aspect of slight confusion would have been seemly.

"I want to get some cigars," said the adroit Mr. Carey. "You two go on; I shall catch you up."

The young couple walked slowly on side by side. The bustle of 'buses and passing traffic made a serious scene out of the question.

"I'm glad you have come down, Arthur," she said brightly. "I was going to meet some one, but—but they didn't turn up at the time."

"Anybody I know?"

"Oh, no. Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't care for you two to meet. I'm afraid there would be a terrible argument if you two met."

Editor's Note—The above story was taken from Telling Stories, by W. Pett Ridge. Published by the St. James Gazette, London.

"That is quite likely," he said. "I am afraid there must be some argument as it is. I strongly object, Ermyntrude—I very strongly object to these excursions of yours. They are not seemly, they are not——"

"But I don't go alone, dear," she urged.

"I am afraid," he answered decidedly, "that that does not improve the aspect so far as I am concerned."

"My dear Arthur," she said, "you must please allow me some liberty."

"I think," he replied stiffly, "that I had better give you all that you want."

"That's what I mean," said Mrs. Westerfield with eagerness. "For instance, take Lieutenant Fincham."

"I will leave that for you to do."

"Don't be absurd, dear. Now, there's a case where, by a little assistance, I have been able to get capital stuff for my book."

"Really?" Arthur Westerfield laughed wildly. "Of course, anything is justified so long as you get 'copy' out of it."

"Almost anything, dear," she corrected him sedately. "One has, of course, to draw the line somewhere."

"Is there any necessity for that? It seems to me——"

"Now just look here."

There was a group round a lamp-post. A red banner with lettering upon it stood behind a semi-circle of uniformed men and women. A woman was speaking breathlessly with no stops.

"Ho, yes, my friends, come to-night; do not delay. I know you are all black-hearted sinners——"

"'Ere," said the crowd remonstratively, "cheese it, there; cheese it!"

"Ho, yes you are!" (Still in the same high-pitched tone. The speaker pulled her black bonnet a little forward, and stuck out one large foot determinedly.) "Ho, yes you are, all black; come and be washed; come and be made whiter than snow; once I was a sinner, like yourselves, and I went to theatres, I did, and I used to go to dawnces——"

"'Ornpipe," called a boy insistently.

"I want to speak to her," said Mrs. Westerfield, "as soon as she has finished. I told you, didn't I, that she had been very good in giving me information. The poor girl tells me she is going to be made a Captain soon."

Westerfield put one hand on her shoulder.

"And her name is—is Finch——"

"You've guessed it, Mister," said Mrs. Westerfield, with her comic affectation of a nasal twang. "You've guessed it at once."

"I'll say good-night to you two young people," said Mr. Carey; "I've got a man to meet at ten."

"One moment, Carey."

Westerfield felt in his pocket and produced a coin and handed it over.

"I thought you'd lose," said Mr. Carey.

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With a Personal Flavor

CONCERNING MEN OF THE HOUR

The Bitter Side of Bismarck.—The begging letters addressed to a man like Prince Bismarck number thousands, says Rudolph Lindau, one of Bismarck's most trusted subordinates. Some time ago, when he was ill at Varzin, all the letters addressed to him that were not of a strictly private nature were sent back to Berlin to be read and answered there. The majority of them contained "most obedient" requests, but hardly one of the writers had any claim on the Prince. One of the officials whose business it was to read those letters—an orderly man and evidently a lover of statistics—amused himself by drawing up a list of all the petitions for money. The total amount of the sums begged for was $250,000,000. The Prince did not laugh when this was told him, but shrugged his shoulders and put on a look of bitter contempt. On the other hand, it is natural that quiet, decent, self-respecting people, who ask nothing of him and do not wish to trouble him with their private affairs, never come in contact with him unless they stand in some official relation to him or have business with him.

Prince Bismarck is certainly well aware that there are honorable people in the world, but experience has taught him that it is his ill luck to have intercourse with a comparatively small number of them. He clings firmly to the few men and women he trusts, because he knows them to be true friends; but he is suspicious of strangers. His first thought when he sees a new face may naturally be: "Well, what does that man want of me?" This explains why he is generally feared, though his intimate friends warmly testify to his friendliness and amiability in his private life.

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When the Kaiser Goes to Church.—The German Emperor can't bear to have any one look at him when he is saying his prayers in church, and in order that the curiosity of his subjects shall not disturb his religious devotions, he has issued, it is said, the following unparalleled order:

"As soon as I enter church, everyone is on the *qui vive* to look at me—a thing which annoys me extremely. I therefore desire that all shall abstain from this curiosity when I go on Sunday to hear Divine service. Those who desire to have a good view of me can do so every day, when I take my walk in the Thiergarten or drive in my carriage."

How the Minister's Salary was Paid

FATHER SMILEY'S PERILOUS JOURNEY

By Henry Christopher McCook

THUS it came about. Mr. Smith was settled over the congregation of Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo. The people of that section had been anxious for a pastor of their own faith and order, and pledged him what was thought a competent sum for a living; and so it was, if he could have gotten it in those early days of the country's history.

It was quite necessary that, like his neighbors, he should till a farm to eke out his stipend, and to that he gladly assented. But being limited as to locality, he must buy a farm convenient to the meeting-house. Having no money, he bought his land on credit, promising to pay with the salary pledged by his people. So he went to work, lovingly, zealously and successfully.

He was truer to his flock than they to him, for after several years his salary was far in arrears. There was little or no money in circulation. Plenty of wheat there was, but no market, and a shilling (twelve and a half cents) a bushel in cash was its highest price. Salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, and was worth fully eight dollars a bushel.

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So matters stood when the time came for the last payment on Mr. Smith's farm, and he was told that he must pay or go. Three full years' salaries were due, and for lack of this his land and improvements must be lost, and his pastorate abandoned.

In this strait the people of the two congregations were called together, and the case laid before them. They were unable to pay a tithe of their debt, and no money could be borrowed. Plan after plan was suggested and abandoned, and so in despair they adjourned, to meet the next week.

Meanwhile, a subscription of wheat was proposed. There was nothing else to do, it seemed; and at Moore's mill, the only gristmill in the country, they found they could get their wheat ground on reasonable terms. So, when the congregational meeting gathered, a great quantity of wheat was subscribed, and afterward packed on horses, in some cases twenty or thirty miles, to mill where, in about a month's time, it was made into flour.

Again the people were assembled. The prayer being had, the question came up, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?"

It was a startling question, that, with which the congregation had to wrestle. It was a perilous adventure, perilous in the extreme. Nearly all the way was a wilderness. The air was full of gloomy tales of the treacherous Indians who lined the river banks. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and come back no more. If New Orleans was reached safely, the return journey was either by sea or a march over a stretch of two thousand miles, for the boats could not be brought up the river so far against the current. Much of this way was through swamps and everglades poisoned with fevers, and all of it beset by roving savages and lawless robber bands, the scum of exiled English criminals and eastern desperadoes. Even should the adventurers be so fortunate as to return, their trip must cost them months of time.

It was a stubborn question and a sore test that. "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" Who would give the time, endure the toil, brave the danger?

There was silence in the meeting, and they were no cowards, those hardy pioneers. Not a volunteer offered himself, neither young nor middle-aged—not one. The scheme was like to fail. Yes, it had failed.

There was naught to do but to adjourn the meeting and go home, and let their pastor leave. Some of the women, in truth, gritted their teeth and wished they were men. However, it was noted that they who had men folks fit to go were not so free of speech. There was an awful silence, which at last was broken by a voice somewhat shaken with age and trembling with emotion:

"Here I am; send me!"

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Every eye turned upon the speaker. It was Father Smiley, an elder in the church, sixty-four years old, an age which in frontier countries is riper than elsewhere, for exposures and toil, and nerve-fret through Indian perils make deep draughts upon vital forces. He was a hoary-headed man, and there he stood in the midst of the astonished assembly, saying again: "Here I am; send me!"

There followed a strange scene. The people were swayed with emotion like the forest leaves before a high wind. Father Smiley's offer was like a clap out of a black thunderhead, which breaks up the cloud and lets out the rain. Men and women were melted into tears, as their venerated and venerable elder stood there devoting himself to the work from which they had shrunk. They rose and clustered round the old man with question, and wonder, and remonstrance, only to learn that his resolution was fixed. Rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death.

But he could not go alone?

No, surely not alone; but some one, it was thought, would now volunteer to consort with him. Even then the matter hung fire. At last, Luke Latimer offered, and another young man came forward to volunteer as assistant with him, to whom, if the enterprise were successful, a large reward was promised.

The day came for starting. There lay the boat on the Monongahela, loaded with its freight of flour coopered snugly by willing hands. Never a flatboat, there or elsewhere, before nor since, had such a send-off as that. At the meeting-house the pastor had met his flock, and there was none wanting, you may be sure, who could come forth and beseech God for the adventurers. Young and old, from far and near, from love of Father Smiley and their deep interest in his mission, had gathered together.

"Would they not go down to the river," some one asked, "to speed the voyagers thence with their presence and cheers?"

Yes, they would. Then, though the church was full fifteen miles away from the landing, forth they went with their pastor at their head, and came down to the bank of the river, to bid the old man and his aids adieu.

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Was there ever a parade like that? Over rough bridle-roads and forest trails, within the sights and sounds of that maiden land still with its wilderness robes upon it, marched they on to the Monongahela.

Now they assembled upon the green sloping shore, while the man of God offered a prayer, tearful, tender and mighty, with fervent trust in the Heavenly guide of men who had led Israel of old through the wilderness journey.

This ended, they sang the Twenty-third Psalm in the old Scotch version. How the woods and waters rang with it, and the echoes trembled over the wooded hills and the bosky bluffs forment them!

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

"There," said the old Scotchman, "untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us!"

"Good by! God bless you!" thundered forth from the throng, as the boat slowly floated away down the Monongahela. Then there was a great silence until the vessel was lost behind the next jutting curve, and sadly the people dispersed.

Four months passed with no word of Father Smiley. Five, six months were gone, and many hearts were fearful that ill had befallen him. Seven, eight months passed, and few there were who hoped to see his dear face more. But always in the service of God's house, and in family worship and secret prayer, Father Smiley and his forlorn hope were remembered.

At last, nine months and more had gone since the expedition went forth, and the most sanguine had surrendered hope, and waited for eternity to uncover the hero's fate.

So came about, once more, the Sabbath day, and as the people gathered to worship in their log sanctuary, lo! on the rude bench before the pulpit where the elders were wont to sit, there sat Father Smiley, composed and devout!

Dear, dear! How hearts leaped up, and tears welled forth, and grateful spirits went up to God in Heaven for this mercy! When they came to the Psalm the minister gave forth, as on the river-bank at the parting:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want."

There was no room to line it out, for the people quite ran away from the precentor and sang off-hand. It was a merry welcome, and most devout, that the old man had; and the young men who had shared his adventure shared also his loving greeting.

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When it came to the intimations, the people were asked to assemble at early candle-lighting next day and hear the report. So once more all were there together, and when thanks had been rendered to the Almighty God for his safe return, Father Smiley arose and told his story. He touched lightly enough on his perils and labors, which, indeed, would have taken a full week for the telling. But the gist of it was that the Lord had prospered his mission, that he had sold the flour for twenty-seven dollars a barrel, and got safely back.

So saying, he drew forth a leathern purse, and casting it over the communion table, pulled the thongs, and out ran a clinking stream of golden coins, and made a shining hoard the like of which many of the spectators had never seen before.

From this was set forth, as agreed, for each of the aids, a hundred dollars. Then Father Smiley was asked to name his charges for the nine-months' services. He meekly answered that he would take nothing, though he was finally persuaded to accept the same as the young men, though he claimed he had not done quite as much work.

"Ay, forsooth, good man; God bless him!" quoth the people.

It was forthwith proposed to pay him three hundred dollars; which, however, he sturdily refused to take until the pastor's account was fully satisfied. Then they counted the money. All eyes were fixed upon the elders as they sat there underneath the pulpit, in the dim light of the candle-dips, and told the coin, laying down the pieces with a merry click and chink that sounded forth sweetly in the ears of the eager people.

"What is the tale? What is the tale?" they cried when the elders were done.

To make end of the story, there was enough to pay the three years' salary due Mr. Smith, and another year's salary in advance, to reward Father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and to leave a goodly dividend to those who had contributed money to build the flatboat, and furnish the needful supplies for the expedition.

It was overcanny on their part, some thought, to receive all this remainder, since its value came almost wholly from Father Smiley's adventure; but let that pass. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor fully relieved, and until his late lamented death he broke for them the bread of life. Now the good man sleeps in the churchyard at Upper Buffalo, and Father Smiley's bones lie not far from his. They are both at rest.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Henry Christopher McCook's story, The Latimers, published by George W. Jacobs and Company.

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Wit of the Last Century

Compiled by Walter Jerrold

The Retort Piquant.—Doctor Busby, who was beneath the common size, was in a coffee-room one day addressed by a very tall Irish Baronet, who accosted him with: "May I pass to my seat, oh, giant?" "Pass, oh, pigmy," said the Doctor, politely giving way. "Oh! sir," said the Baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir, to the size of yours," neatly retorted the Doctor.

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Scotland's Prospects.—A Scotsman, in company with Johnson and Boswell at the Mitre, was defending his native land, insisting that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. "I believe, sir," said Johnson in reply, "you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotsman ever sees is the high road which leads him to England."

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Worthy of a Courtier.—Sir Isaac Head was in company with George III when it was announced that His Majesty's horse was ready for him. "Are you a judge of horses, Sir Isaac?" inquired the King. "In my younger days, please Your Majesty, I was a great deal among them," was the reply. "What do you think of this, then?" said the King; "we call him Perfection." "A most appropriate name," rejoined the courtier, "for he bears the best of characters."

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Reproving Interruption.—Henley was once haranguing on a man who had recently been hanged at Tyburn, when two or three would-be wags took it into their heads to groan loudly at all he said. At length the orator stopped short in his discourse and said: "Gentlemen, you have a right to groan, for, I make no doubt, the deceased was one of your nearest relations."

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Defining Wit.—Doctor Henniker was conversing with the Earl of Chatham when the statesman asked him for a definition of wit. "My Lord," replied the Doctor, "wit is like what a pension would be, if it were given by Your Lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

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The Slander of One's Inferiors.—George Colman, being once told that a man whose character was not above reproach had grossly abused him, pointedly said that "the scandal and ill-report of some persons that might be mentioned was like fuller's earth—daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off, your coat is so much the cleaner."

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The Doctor's Stroll.—Counsellor Crips and a medical friend were dining at a nobleman's seat in Ireland, when the Doctor strolled out into the churchyard before dinner. The meal being served and the Doctor not returned, some surprise was expressed. "Oh, he has just gone out to pay a visit to his old patients," said the lawyer.

EDITOR'S NOTE—These selections are taken from Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century, edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Alice Woodward. Published by J. M. Dent and Company, London.

Miss Maria's Fiftieth

THE ROMANCE OF A UNIVERSITY TOWN

By Octave Thanet

In Two Parts: Part I

MISS MARIA KEITH was sitting at afternoon tea on her piazza. Miss Maria (as the whole town calls her, in an affectionate familiarity dashed with pride, for Miss Maria is a great personage in the little university town) always serves afternoon tea.

That is one reason, let me inform you, why we admire her; she has traveled and known the great—at least, the moderately great, in other lands; she speaks two modern languages besides her own, with extreme correctness as to grammar and a perfectly unconcerned English accent, which, indeed, is so frank and proud that it quite overquells criticism; and if any foreigner of distinction comes to our town we always bring him to see Miss Maria. No longer young, she has the composure and readiness of an accomplished woman who has always been admired. She is tall and of a magnificent bearing, and if her thick hair is gray the silvery shades only enhance the fresh delicacy of her complexion and refine her rather large but well-cut features. Her beautiful dark eyes are as brilliant as they were when the college students used to sit up nights to write poetry about them, and her beautiful smile is gentler now than then.

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Miss Maria's sister, Mrs. De Forest, lives with her in Miss Maria's house, which is one of the show houses in town, Miss Maria being a wealthy woman. The house faces the college campus and is the only one in the block. That implies a yard of noble dimensions, even for the West, where we covet space and cannot breathe too close to our next-door neighbor. It is a picturesque yard with its ancient trees and velvety turf and the tall hydrangeas that simulate perpetual bloom, thanks to a vigilant gardener and his greenhouse. The house is an American architect's fantasia on the mediæval theme of an Elizabethan plaster-and-timber house—all in wood, but the timber effect emphasized by paint. Instead of the contracted and incommodious porch of the original mansion, a deep veranda runs half around the house, expanding in front, and its floor of stained and waxed pine is protected by a rough stone wall which creeping plants wreathe with lovely tints of green. A hospitable company of roomy armchairs and luxurious wicker-work "rockers," clustered about a shining tea-table equipage, cause more than one party of students to loiter as they pass.

Miss Maria sat at the head of the table. On a chair near her lay a gorgeous tangle of shifting hues, scarlet and gold and dull-tinted greens, Miss Maria's embroidery that the sun was blazoning. On either side the stately hostess sat Mrs. Caroll, wife of the President of the university, and Mrs. Allison, wife of the Dean of the medical school. They were both comely women. Mrs. Caroll had an air of distinction; Mrs. Allison was little and graceful and always wore bright colors.

Opposite, Mrs. De Forest shrank from view in a low chair, behind a brilliant hibiscus. Really five years younger than her sister, she looked older. She did not resemble her sister. Miss Maria had the mien of a queen, or rather the popular notion of a queen, for real queens often are dumpy, and sometimes stoop. Her noble head reared itself above her stately shoulders in magnificent lines; she "walked the goddess."

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Mrs. De Forest always wore widow's weeds, caring only to have them of rigid neatness and comfortable to wear. She was a thin woman, narrow-chested and prone to slump together in sitting, and she never, Mrs. Allison maintained, had enough whalebones in her dress bodices. She had been pretty in her youth, but now the hair beneath the widow's cap was grown thin, though black as ever. Her face had a habitual dull pallor and was lined and hollow-cheeked; it looked like a burned-out face. The eyes were the beautiful Keith eyes; but a wholesome mirth sparkled in Miss Maria's eyes, and these eyes were listless and sad.

In truth they had wept themselves dim, since they saw Virginia De Forest's husband and little son shot dead at her feet during an attack by Indians. Every one knew the story of Captain De Forest's last fight, and it was usual to drop the voice telling the tale, as one ended, "When the rescuing party got up to them Mrs. De Forest was loading and firing with the men. They do say she killed an Indian herself. Poor thing, she has never recovered from her blow."

The intense affection that she had lavished on her dead she transferred to her only sister. Her fortune was equal to Maria's, and what she did not spend in charities she loved to squander on Maria's fancies. Half the rare old etchings that were Miss Maria's delight Mrs. De Forest had bought to surprise her. She decked her sister with gems. She insisted on undertaking all the drudgery of housekeeping, albeit Maria really enjoyed the care of a house. She detested gayety, yet she encouraged every little enterprise in entertaining that occurred to Maria. Only that afternoon, Mrs. Allison had said to Mrs. Caroll, "Vinnie simply obliterates herself for Maria."

The answer of Mrs. Caroll surprised her. It was: "She thinks she does, but I wonder if Miss Keith has not to pay for it somehow."

Therein Mrs. Caroll showed her discernment. Happy and united as they seemed (and, on the whole, were) there was a tiny cloud between the sisters. They never alluded to it. The widow often wondered drearily whether she could have prevented it; sometimes she grew hopeful and fancied it was not there. And to do Miss Maria justice, she blamed herself for it and hid it out of sight. But during the last three months circumstances had deepened this mere shadow of tacit estrangement. Was it circumstances that played the evil angel with the firebrand, or was it gossip? Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Caroll could not help questioning; neither could they help being observant of each slightest action of the sisters. There seemed nothing but a peaceful domestic scene to study. Miss Maria had out her Sèvres cups of the Louis Philippe period, and the massive silver urn and tea-service that had come to her from old General Keith, and the three genuine apostle spoons, each one of which had a history. They were drinking tea dried on rose leaves, and before them smoked the English muffins that Miss Maria's invaluable Janet, and no other in the kitchens of the whole town, could fry to perfection, and there were gooseberry jam, and plum cake, and Scotch short-bread and other good things.

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"It's all just as nice and indigestible as it can be," says Miss Maria jubilantly, "do eat a lot of it all!"

"But what do you suppose it will do to us?" laughs Mrs. Caroll.

"Nothing," Miss Maria replies firmly; "an occasional spree like this doesn't hurt; take a muffin, see how hot they are, and the butter just sozzling round. I wish I dared offer one to those students going by."

Mrs. De Forest, who had been composedly hemming dish-towels—her work for leisure hours was always of the strictly useful type, and her single bit of fancy work crocheting washrags—looked up, and glanced at the little group of young men approaching. The men were all rather shabbily clad, evidently belonging to the poorer class of students. As they trooped by another young fellow came around the corner. He was of another type, which was visible as much in his manner and carriage, as in his neat gray suit and silk shirt. He lifted a smart straw hat, with the university gold and crimson about its crown, and smiled frankly while he bowed.

A stranger would have seen that all four women eyed him with carefully suppressed eagerness. In the two visitors the interest was purely a vivid curiosity, but in the sisters it had a character of pain. Mrs. De Forest returned the coldest recognition to his greeting. Miss Maria smiled and made the first half of a gesture of invitation, but dropped her extended arm, shutting the fore-finger of beckoning in with the others on to the palm of her hand, and cast a swift glance that was almost of entreaty toward Mrs. De Forest's perturbed face. The young man did not halt. He went down the street with a swinging, elastic gait, as handsome and gallant a young figure as any mother could covet for her own.

"I think that young Armstrong is the handsomest boy I have seen in an age." Mrs. Caroll dropped the remark into her teacup. "Did you ever notice his eyes? They are real blue, like a sapphire, and he is so graceful I like to watch him."

"Do you think him handsome, Maria?" asked Mrs. De Forest. Commonplace as the question was, a kind of white heat of excitement crumpled the muscles about her mouth and leaped out of her black eyes; both the other women could not help seeing it.

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But Miss Maria was making fresh tea. She did not look up, and she answered sedately: "Yes, I think he is very handsome; he is a good boy, too." There was something ugly in the hush after Miss Maria's speech; one felt the electric throbbing of passion, although the scene was so peaceful—nothing to hear at all and nothing to see except one frail woman whose face had gone quite white, sewing swiftly.

"Do you like grass-cloth for towels, or linen?" asked Mrs. Caroll, desperately switching the conversation into a safe channel. "I was told yesterday that flour bags make the most excellent towels."

"No flour bags in my birthday present, please," interposed Miss Maria; "those towels are for my birthday, a dozen of them. I told Vinnie I wanted a different present for my fiftieth birthday than she had ever given me—something unique and domestic and useful; and since then I've seen her at work on those towels. By-the-way, the birthday comes next month. You remember I promised you a party, and a party I am going to have. It will be just before commencement, and every one will be here and I shall have a pretty party. I have always held that there ought to be some time, some marked time, when a woman should definitely announce herself as no longer young, and fifty seems a natural milestone. After fifty I shall change my style of dress; my old-lady clothes are making. They will be like the clothes that I wear now only a little graver and a little richer, and—I shall wear pretty caps!"

"Caps!" cried Mrs. Allison, "good gracious!"

"Certainly," said Miss Maria; "caps are very becoming to me as well as suitable to my declining years. Oh, I assure you I don't intend to make a frump of myself."

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"But caps," Mrs. Allison pursued feebly. "I can't think of your pretty hair in caps. Mysie" (Mysie was Mrs. Allison's married daughter, who had lived much in England and had what the people in Wiatioe called notions) "Mysie is wild to have me put on caps, but I tell her when my hair goes I shall scud under bare poles. You see"—apologetically—"Doctor hates to see me in them; he knows I am getting on in years, but he hates to confess it. And as for you, Maria, if you had a husband——"

"But as I haven't a husband," said Miss Maria composedly, "at least I can have caps." She reached for the plate of cake and began to press it on the company.

"It is a real English plum cake," said she, "whether that is to its credit or not. The receipt was given by an English lady to a Southern friend of mine, who gave it to me." She sent a glance over the mounds of speckled yellow, at Mrs. De Forest, who was sewing rapidly. Miss Maria drew an imperceptible sigh. "That cake has associations to me," said she. "The first time I ate it was on my friend's plantation, and I was sitting on the veranda. She had just brought out a plate of this cake smoking from the oven, and I had a piece in my hand when I was aware of a barefooted little creature pattering over the gravel up to me. 'Please, lady, will you give me some of that fur my maw?' he asked. He was dirty and ragged, yet he looked, somehow, like a child that was not always dirty and ragged, and he had taken off his dusty black felt hat when he spoke. He could not have been more than ten years old, but he had a huge 'possum and a lank dog, the 'possum trailing from his wrist and the dog at his heels. 'I got suthin' to swap fur it,' said he, 'and I like fur to git more truck—aigs and meat and cornmeal, please—it's a turrible good, fat young 'possum.'

"I asked how he got the 'possum; he said he had lent his dog to a darky the night before and the 'possum was the rent. He and his mother had come into the country in a mover's wagon—one of those cloth-covered things that we used to call prairie schooners out West. They were working their way south; his father had been killed in a fight with a 'mean man,' and after that his mother and he had traveled on alone; but she fell ill with typhoid fever—of course, he didn't know it, but that is what it was—and they were obliged to halt. There they were in a miserable cotton-picker's house on the outskirts of the plantation, so leaky and dismantled that it had been deserted, the woman sick in bed—or what they called a bed—and her only nurse and provider that ten-year-old boy.

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"He told me that when he went out and brought in some eggs, and some milk in a bottle, she would not touch them because she knew he had taken them. It was pitiful to hear him tell the story. 'She didn't eat nary; we had corn bread and a little bit of po'k, but she cudn't swaller,' he said, in his dreary, sweet-voiced, Southern drawl, 'so I hooked the aigs and the milk; I milked a cow—I didn't milk mo'n a pint—jest inter a bottle; but maw, she sayd: 'Ambrose, you take them thar things back, and you steal ary noter thing I'll bust you' haid, I will.' Maw is dretful good an' hones', so then I did not know whut to do, an' I put it up mebbe I cud swap 'possums fur truck, an' I seed that thar cake, an' maw, she did use ter love cake, an'—an' mebbe 't wud make her well agin if she'd eat.' His voice trembled, and I could see the muscles of his little thin throat quiver. Well, I called Lydia, and the end was we took along some brandy and broth and milk and went back with the boy.

"There was an old mammy on my friend's place, a kind old soul who lived alone in a comfortable cottage, and we moved the poor woman to Aunt Hollie's cabin. That night I stayed with her. The boy was in a little bed in the same room. Toward morning I could see that the poor woman was sinking, but we rubbed her with brandy and gave her brandy to swallow, and did what we could. She did not seem to recognize us. Once only she spoke; she said: 'Ambrose, make a fire, honey,' and a moment later, because we had put warm flannel on her, she fancied the fire was made. 'That's a good boy, you was allus a good boy, sonny; when I git better ——' but she didn't finish the sentence; she smiled and turned her head; and when we looked at her again she was gone forever.

"Mrs. Caroll, you are not eating."

"I think I forgot myself in the story," said Mrs. Caroll. "Please do go on, Miss Keith; what did the boy do?"

Miss Maria glanced at Mrs. De Forest, who had not once raised her eyes from her towels; it appeared to Mrs. Caroll that she drew the thread in and out with a suppressed vehemence.

"The boy?" repeated Miss Maria. "I felt so sorry for him; he was so fond of his mother—so unusually fond; indeed, not willing to go to sleep lest she should want him, and so plainly anxious about her. I thought I would not tell him until morning; it is so much harder to suffer at night. But he waked up, and I saw him sitting up in bed and beckoning to me. He pulled me down. 'How's maw?' he whispered. 'She is better, Ambrose,' I said. 'Has she took her milk?' he said, staring at me with an anxious look that I found it hard to meet. 'I gave her her milk, Ambrose.' 'When?' asked he. 'Some time ago.' He let his bony little arms drop and gripped his poor little narrow chest with both those claw-like hands. Something seemed to choke him before he could speak. 'Is maw dead?' he whispered—such a whisper! Such pitiful eyes staring out of his little starved face! I—I couldn't tell him," said Miss Maria, catching at her voice. "I took him in my arms and I believe I very nearly cried over him.

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"But he pushed me away to run to his mother, and all the grief, child as he was, he had stifled lest it should disturb her, broke forth with a frantic violence—I didn't dream that a child could suffer so. He fell down on the floor and clung to my dress. 'Oh, my good woman,' he shrieked, 'ain't there some way of raising from the dead? There was a man—don't you know?—maw tole me about it—and he had two sisters, and they got him raised from the dead. He was a good man, but maw was a good woman—oh, she was, she was!' And then, with tears and sobs, he poured out the story, of their hardships; it was a cruel story; such things make one wonder why they can be permitted. It seemed to me that that dead woman was a martyr; she had worked until she fell and died, only thinking of her child; and to the hideous end never giving up her simple code of principles. That woman had a sweet and heroic soul no matter how squalid her surroundings were!"

"Yes, she had," said Mrs. De Forest.

The red rushed into Miss Maria's cheeks; she flashed a glance at her sister full of emotion, but beyond the others' deciphering.

"What did you do with the boy?" asked Mrs. Allison.

"We found a home with a good farmer in the neighborhood for him when he got well, but he was ill with the fever a long time. He grieved so for his mother it nearly killed him. I remember one night—we had moved him to the house, and he had the next room to mine—I heard him moving about, and went in to him, and will you believe that poor little creature had crawled about, and was trying to dress himself.

"'Oh, my heart, my heart feels like it got to jump out, it hurts me so,' he wailed, clutching at himself. 'Let me go, lady, please let me go! Oh, I jest got to go back to the house in the woods and build a fire and hang maw's dresses round, and maybe I won't feel so lonesome! Oh, I did try to take care of her, I did, I did! But I was so little and I didn't know, and I stole them things and made her feel bad, and she sayd: 'Ambrose, if you ev' do hook anything agin, I'll bust you' haid!' Oh, my dear maw, she nev' did speak to me agin!' He repeated the words with the most heart-breaking intonation—such singular words to treasure; yet he was right. The roughness did not mean anything. I told him the last words that she did say, which seemed to comfort him; and I took him in my arms and soothed him to sleep. Just before he went to sleep he patted my cheek and said, 'You' face feels like maw's. Will you let me be you' little boy?' And I said yes."

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Mrs. Caroll and Mrs. Allison were both wiping their eyes; Mrs. De Forest sat dry-eyed, but with a strained look of excitement in the face. She began to speak when Miss Maria hesitated.

"You may as well hear the rest of the story," said she. "My sister nursed the child through the fever; he was, I have been told, a very attractive, manly and affectionate boy. I did not see him, so I cannot speak except from other people's opinions. Maria became very much attached to him; she"—Mrs. De Forest swallowed and set her lips more firmly—"she wanted to adopt him. I was not willing. I suppose I have too much family pride, for one thing. I—I suppose I was jealous of anything coming between Maria and me, for another. I did not realize how much she gave up when she finally consented to let the child go. I sometimes wish that I had acted differently."

"I am sure you acted for the best," said Mrs. Allison, rising. "But, Miss Maria, when I am listening to you I forget all about Dr. Allison waiting at home for me." This opened a path of escape for Mrs. Caroll, who was not slow to avail herself of it, for she was feeling uncomfortably sympathetic.

The two visitors departed decorously, with a polite bustle of cheerfulness; but they sighed with relief when they were past the corner.

"I feel as if I had just escaped out of a thunder-cloud," sighed Mrs. Caroll. "Why do you suppose she told us that story?"

Mrs. Allison had daring flights of imagination occasionally; she had one now. "I suppose, really," she ventured, "Miss Keith was letting us see the disappointment of her life. Well, Vinnie is responsible for it; it is as if she were to say, 'You spoiled my chance of happiness; I gave it up for you; now I have another chance, make amends by giving up to me now!'"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Caroll, not quite sincerely.

"You know what I mean; the town is talking about the attentions of that young Rufus Armstrong to Maria Keith. He goes to see her two or three times a week, and when Mrs. De Forest was in Chicago he was driving with her, and up there evenings almost every night in the week. Why, you must know the talk about it."

"It is nonsensical talk—she is thirty years older than he."

"That is what I said to Doctor, but he said there was never any guessing what vagaries an old maid might not have, and that Armstrong was just the handsome, soft-mannered kind of chap that women can't possibly resist."

"If Miss Keith can't resist him I should think the young fellow could steel his heart against a woman thirty years older than he."

"He is poor, maybe, and she is rich, and she is still a very handsome woman; don't you remember that French woman—what's her name—Lenkers or something like that—who was a raving beauty at sixty odd?"

"I used to think it possible," said Mrs. Caroll, not trying to enlighten Mrs. Allison regarding Ninon de L'Enclos, "I used to fancy that suddenly, when it seemed too late, Miss Keith had found that she could love a man; and it seemed a pathetic and miserable thing to me, at her age, with her honorable position, and her sister bound up in her. I hated to suspect it, but I did until to-day. To-day I am sure it is all stuff."

"I wish I could think so, too," sighed Mrs. Allison. "I'm sure I'm ready enough to be convinced. How do you make it out to be nonsense?"

"Well, you heard her talking of her fiftieth birthday; you can't persuade me that a woman about to make a fool of herself by marrying a man thirty years younger than she is, is going to flaunt her age in the face of the world. Caps, too! Why, it's stuff and nonsense!"

"But I almost know that Vinnie is dreading it. Didn't you notice how she looked?"

"Mrs. De Forest is so jealous of her sister she is capable of cooking up anything in her own mind."

"Well, I hope you are right," Mrs. Allison reiterated. "It is dreadful to think such things, but Doctor says all the men at the Whist Club were believing it. I am sure all the women are discussing it."

And the whole town was truly interested in the outcome of Miss Maria's romance.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

The Voice of the Turtle

JUST FOR THE SAKE OF THE OTHERS

By Eva Wilder Brodhead

IT WAS a country buggy, whose ribbed, ancient top, heavy with dust, was honeycombed from the droppings of bygone rains. It squeaked and mumbled in the querulous way of age, as it labored up the street behind a plump red horse, also old, but carrying his years more comfortably than the inanimate companion of his travels.

The driver, who was plump and red and elderly, too, held the reins slack as he directed his eyes at a row of cottages on the right of the road.

"I reckon you know where to stop, Billy?" he said to the horse.

Billy sputtered out a damp breath and tossed his mane with an air of knowing a thing or two. Then he trotted briskly toward the mossy curb, and drew up before a long, old house, with one dormer-window blinking sleepily in its slant roof.

A strip of yard stretched greenly before the neat doorway. May was well forward, and the air was fresh with the smell of grass and leaves and flowering things.

A great elm rose just behind the house, tossing webs of pale green far above the chimneys and away up into the mixing blue and white of the sky.

From somewhere close by came a soft, reiterated murmuring—the confused cooing of doves, and the twittering of birds.

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Suddenly the house door opened, disclosing two old women whose faces expressed pleased greeting. Each had on a quaint black silk apron, and each wore at her belt a housewife arrangement of scissors and pincushion. The white locks of one were crowned with a black and purple cap. The other woman was younger, with a gloss of thin, silvery hair on her temples. Both had delicately wrinkled faces, gentle eyes, prim little mouths, and small chins which, as the two women nodded and smiled at the man in the buggy, drew their crumpled throats into networks of white cords.

"Howdy, Sis' Harriet and Eveline," said he, lifting aside a small jar of butter. "How y'all doing?"

"Oh, we're well as common, Bro' James! Mighty glad you stopped. Jinny well? The farm must be looking mighty pretty these days."

"Well, I've nothing to complain of. Here's some eggs and things Jinny sent y'all. And a bunch of flowers for Freda. Where is Freda, anyway; and how's she doin'?"

"Freda?—well to tell you the truth, brother, she's a little mite pale, just now. She studies too close. Eveline and I hev to fairly wheedle her from her books. We do so."

"Huh! Study won't hurt her none. She's young and strong. Let's see—she's sixteen, ain't she? Well, you've pampered her right smart, girls. I only hope you hevn't spoiled her so she won't be any use to y'all when she graduates from school this June. That's all I hope, girls. Mebby she'll realize all your hopes. I d'know. They tell me she's a good scholar."

"She is, indeed!" cried the old ladies, in a breath. "She's a fine pupil."

"And gifted," added Eveline, with a proud accent. "Gifted more than common."

"Oh, very!" supplemented Harriet. "Why, James, her essays are considered quite remarkable. And as for verses!—we were so anxious to tell you that she's actually had some printed! Just sent them to a Cincinnati paper, and the next week they came out. Think of it! Eveline and I just set down and cried—we were so pleased."

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James Herrick was tying his horse. He made a sound expressing limited satisfaction in his sisters' announcement. Then he took up the butter-jar and followed them into the house. Beyond the entry was a large low room in which two girls were sewing. A cutting-table and the various furniture of a dressmaking establishment were here also. And through two windows in the back of the apartment a vista of garden showed in a shady reach of low fruit trees and grape vines, and rose bushes and hollyhocks, and beehives.

"Just step out and call Freda, Bro' James," requested Harriet. "We're right busy to-day. Miss Larkin's wedding is on Monday, and we're bound to finish off her things to-day. Freda's out there under the trees. I argued with her to go out and sit in the sunshine for a spell. Seems like she doesn't get air enough, being housed up all week in school. 'I'd ruther stay in and help you,' says she. 'La, honey,' I told her, 'all't Eveline and I want you to do is just to keep your health and improve your mind.' I tell you, James, nobody knows what sunshine she's been to us! Ever since Bro' John died and left us his little girl, Freda's been more to us than tongue can tell."

"Well," said Mr. Herrick tenaciously, "I maintain that you humor her too much for her own good. "You've raised her in idleness. But I'll hev nothing to say if she takes right holt and helps y'all when she leaves school."

Harriet's placid face stiffened.

"We don't want she should help us."

Eveline's soft eyes flashed.

"We want she should rest and read, and—and commune with Nature so's to fit herself for the life of distinction—distinction, Bro' James, which we feel is before the child."

"Well, there 'tis!" rasped out Mr. Herrick. "You humor her."

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"No, Bro' James. You don't understand. We only want she should cultivate her talents. I reckon you've no fault to find with that!"

"H'm! I don't hold with folks cultivatin' their talents at the expense of everybody else's comfort. But I ain't trying to interfere with you girls. And I'm as fond of Freda as any person. Where'd you say she was? All right, I'll find her."

All about the back porch numbers of fantail pigeons were parading, puffing their throats in an arrogant fashion and displaying feet that were like little sprays of red coral. Up under the eaves a row of pigeon-houses arched their tiny doors. Here, too, was the flash of white plumage. And among the gathering about porch and eaves and dim garden spaces, a few doves bent their burnished necks and called to one another in a perpetual sobbing cadence, saddening to hear.

There was a gray bench away down under a twisting quince tree, and from it the glint of a girl's print frock showed. At the sound of Mr. Herrick's step the wearer turned round. She was a pale young girl, with deep eyes, and with a long braid of black hair on her shoulders.

"Well, here you are, Freda," said Mr. Herrick. "Reading as usual. What's your book? Oh, 'stronomy, heh! I never hed any chance to study it when I was young. Do you reckon, now, that you're any better off for knowing 'stronomy?"

Freda laughed.

"I don't know enough to hurt me," she said. "And are those posies for me? Dear Aunt Jenny! I've got the best aunts, Uncle Jim—the best aunts in the whole world."

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"'M-m, yes. They're mighty proud of you—keep telling me what a scholar you are. Your Aunt Jinny's going to give you a gold pen when you graduate. It's in June, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"And afterward, Freda, what do you think of doing?"

"Doing? Why—how?"

"Why, of course, you'll want to be earning your own living, heh? Harriet and Eveline's getting on in years, and they ain't got much laid by. So, of course, you'll want to take hold."

A bewildered look had crept into Freda's eyes.

"I had thought of keeping on with my studies," she said absently.

"So's to get to writing books and things after a while? Well, Freda, I don't want to discourage you; but fur as I can see there ain't much money in books. There can't be when you can buy a right sizable book for twenty-five cents. And I reckon the binding costs more than the writing. I'd give up that idy. See here, Freda. There's a nice little country school three miles from here at Clay Corners. Now, I got influence 'mongst the farmers and I can git you that school! You'd board round 'mongst the pupils and come and spend Saturday with your aunts. How'd that suit you, heh?"

His niece looked at him with blank eyes in which a sort of vague bewilderment struggled. She had grown pale as she listened.

"At Clay Corners," she stammered—"Clay Corners?" A vision rose before her of the school of which he spoke—a desolate structure set in a reach of cornfields, and with a mud road sheering past its knife-hacked stile. She seemed to see herself surrounded with strange children, living in strange houses, greeted by strange voices. It would be rather different work from that which she had dreamily planned. It would be work so trying by day that at night she would scarcely feel like burning midnight oil in pursuing those studies which she loved to think might help her "to climb Aornus." She believed that the peculiar gift of reaching and developing children's minds was not hers. Hence it would be all effort, that life which her uncle was arranging—all effort and struggle; no pleasure—no hope.

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A sharp breath burst from Freda's lips, and she felt a hot rush of tears mounting to her eyes; and with a sudden movement she turned and fled toward the house. She ran on up to her own little room, and cast herself face downward on the bed. She had never thought of life as a real thing, as a practical fact. It had always seemed just a beautiful dimness, with something golden and rare always waiting to reveal itself. At any moment the scroll of placid days, sweet and gray in their quiet monotony, might roll up and disclose the rapture which they had barely hidden. A dream of laurel and bay, of glory and honor, had waited beyond the nearer view. And now, suddenly, harshly, the veil had been dashed away, and Freda saw how duty looks when its face is contrasted with the face of inclination. It wore a grim, voracious visage. There was something convincing in its aspect, something that made its appeal to the honest heart in the girl's visionary breast.

"Oh," she whispered, "how good they have been to me! I want to make their lives easier—dear Aunt Harriet and Eveline! But is there no other way?"

An idea flashed upon her. The editor of that Ohio paper had written her a word or two in accepting the verses she had sent him. Perhaps he could tell her if there was not some little place in the "blessed world of letters" which she might fill, and in filling learn the way to what lay higher. In the very humblest walks of journalism might be some tiny place not beyond her ability. She could write and ask.

It was a quick impulse, and Freda rose and acted upon it. When the letter had been sent away a feverish kind of suspense hung upon her, insomuch that the two old ladies noticed the girl's pallor and extreme nervousness.

"As soon as school is over she must go to the country for a long rest," said Harriet.

"She must," echoed Eveline. "But oh, Harriet, how we shall miss her! Seems like I want her right where I can see her constant."

Freda blushed guiltily, wondering if the editor would regard her inquiry at all, or if he would merely forget all about her.

The next morning as she stopped in the post-office on her way to the high school a letter was handed to her. She set down her books on the window-ledge and tremulously tore off the envelope. It was not a long letter, and it was written in the peculiarly unsympathetic characters of a typewriter; but Freda's eyes blurred in a rush of ecstasy as she read it. For there was hope in it.

The editor said that her note had come to him just when there chanced to be—as there so seldom chanced—an opportunity in his office of the humble kind she spoke of. It involved, he said, the addressing of envelopes rather more than the writing of leaders. But since she wanted to begin at the beginning, it might suit her to try it. He stated further that the work was not heavy, though rather monotonous; and he mentioned the salary which the paper would pay.

That was all; but Freda went forth filled with a sort of rapture. Distinctly here was the first round of the ladder of glory waiting for her foot. She passed the day in a kind of trance, now and then thinking how she should tell her aunts of her good fortune. At first it seemed easy enough to tell them—easy enough to ask them to rejoice with her in this opportunity which had opened to her. But the more she thought of the two old ladies the less easy it grew to frame the sentence which should inform them.

She began to dread it, to desire to put off as long as she might the moment when she must witness their amazement in the news and their pain in the idea of losing her. With an object of delay, Freda went home from school by a roundabout way which led over a wooded hill far out on the outskirts of the northern Kentucky town.

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The sun was getting low as she came to the brow of the rise. All toward the southern valley, where the town lay, a serene amber glow spread far and wide. Northward were long reaches of rolling blue-grass stretching off and off to the world of her hopes. About her was a dense shade of slim cedars, through which a beckoning light wavered in slender shafts. Freda looked down at the town, with its spires and roofs touched to a wonder of gold. She could see her own home lifting its stone chimneys and bending its gambrel roof above the shady nest of the old garden.

How peaceful it looked down there close to the earth's heart! And soon, instead of this gentle quietude, there would be in her ears the din of a city. She would feel the pulse of the world, there in that busy office. But she would remember all this restful beauty. And it would be sweet to come back here and tell her aunts of her progress, and shower love upon them because they were so fond and proud of her. It would be sweet to come back, clothed in triumph, bearing a name which was growing in honor! Freda caught her breath.

Clearly through the shadows of the cedars came a faint, fluttering sound as of water bubbling in a vial of glass. A dove somewhere near was calling to its mate, and in a moment a distant cooing stole softly back—a cooing full of all plaintive meaning—such echoes as sigh from the closed room where sits a mourner by the dead.

A vital cord stirred in Freda's bosom. Down below her, on the porch of the old house, a figure had appeared with a bowl of grain in its hand and a flutter of purple ribbons in its cap. It was feeding-time, and a turmoil of white wings beat about the old woman's form as she cast the seeds abroad.

"She will have only the pigeons to interest her soon," murmured Freda; "I shall be gone. But I'm not going for myself; it's for them; for you, Aunt Harriet—for you, dear!" But her argument was not convincing. Was it for them, for their happiness, that she was about to take herself from their lives? What was their happiness? It was herself, her young voice, her living presence. They were old. She had never thought how old till the murmur of the doves there in the shadows brought her so poignant a sense of death. Would it be sweet to come back and find no one to greet her in the old home?—to have to reflect always that while they were alive she had not sought to brighten their ways, but had left them alone while she trimmed her days for ambition and enjoyed life's pleasures?

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"Oh, what have I been thinking of!" cried Freda, with a sense of awakening. "That is my place, my home, my duty, my happiness—down there with the doves and Aunt Harriet. I don't want any joy that is rooted in any one else's sorrow; it would be bitter, not sweet. And the school!—I shall be able to live near them; that is enough."

She glanced northward, where lay those kingdoms of the world that no longer tempted her. Then she caught up her books and cast her eyes toward the roof on which the elms leaned, and toward the gentle figure scattering grain among the pigeons. Two doves wheeled past her, catching the golden sunset on their wings, as they sped homeward from the spicy shadows. And with a light heart Freda went down the hill behind them, her heart filling with a sweet content, which only comes to the hearts of those who nobly forget themselves and live for others. Perfect happiness can never be found save in unselfishness and high purpose in life.

My Wife's Son

HOW DONALD AND I BECAME FRIENDS

By Daisy Rhodes Campbell

I WAS about to be married. In spite of the fact that I was no longer a young man, with youth's hopes and fancies, and rush of passionate emotions, I was very happy.

The case was briefly this: Constance and I had been lovers in the past. We seemed made for each other. I know that this is a common declaration among lovers, but there were others beside myself—cooler, dispassionate onlookers—who said the same thing. Our tastes were singularly congenial. We loved books, about which we only differed enough to save our discussions from monotony. We both—while for various reasons unable to indulge greatly in it—were fond of travel. We loved music, although Constance was the only practical musician. Her voice was a rich, powerful contralto, highly cultivated, and with a sympathetic quality which thrilled one's heart in listening. What I admired most was her freedom from narrowness of soul.

Yet, after saying all this, a day came of which even now I cannot bear to think. We had a terrible misunderstanding; everything seemed to conspire to help it on.

A large part of the "everything" was Constance's parents, who, from the first, had not favored our courtship. They sent her away immediately to California to visit a gay young aunt of hers in San Francisco, who had always been the young girl's admiration. The next thing I heard—a year or so later—was Constance's marriage with a prominent business and society man of Sacramento—Henry L. Starr.

I never knew, until I saw the notice of that marriage, how much hope I had cherished—now that my dream was over.

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Instead of traveling, as the wealthy do in sorrow, I was obliged to work hard. It proved a tolerable panacea for heartache, and as years went on I accumulated a small fortune. My wants and expenses were few, and I gave my whole attention to my business, which was hardware.

I wondered sometimes if dealing in this branch of industry were not having its effect on my character. It was a fancy, but I knew as a fact that I was neither as sympathetic nor as kind as I had been. At first I did not mind this. But in time I felt differently. Some way Constance had been too real an influence in my life, in spite of all that had happened, to be forgotten or easily thrust aside. In spite of myself I believed in her, and I determined to make of myself somewhat such a man as she would like.

I don't know that I succeeded very well, but certainly the trying was of more benefit than doing nothing. Some years later I heard of Henry Starr's death. Two years from that time I met Constance at our old home, which I had long since left. She and her only child were visiting her parents, and I my venerable great-aunt.

We met, and in time the old trouble was explained and found to be, after all, a trifle exaggerated by others. I told her how I had always loved her. Never mind what she told me. She was always loyal to her husband, but I was quite satisfied.

And we were actually to be married, after all! I had to say it over and over to myself many times to comprehend it, and even then I failed. Although, as I said, I was no longer young, my pulse beat much more rapidly, and a sudden choking came into my throat when I met her in the library just before we were to go down into the parlors, where a few friends were to see us made one.

I can see her now—this woman who was so much to me—as she came to meet me across the pretty room. She was of a tall and queenly presence, and carried herself superbly. Her hair was dark and abundant; her face fine rather than beautiful, with deep gray eyes, which could express more than any other eyes I ever knew.

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"Constance," I said, as I drew her toward me "can you trust me with so much?"

Her steadfast eyes met mine with a look which thrills me even yet to remember. "I shall never doubt you again, Christian," she said. "I shall love you and trust you till death parts us."

If there is much to be missed in the marriage of older folk, is there not present something which young people cannot feel? While the illusions of hope, if not gone, are at least softened, there is a calm assurance, a conviction that, having had experience, you are now certain that this step is to be the happiest of your life; that this woman by your side is not only your merry companion, but your tried and faithful friend—a matured woman, with all the charms and beauties of a character perfected by life's school and the added years. We had the usual congratulations and a dainty wedding breakfast. We left soon after for a lengthy wedding trip, which to me at least was a series of pleasant days and fresh and unexpected discoveries into the wealth of my wife's nature.

After our return my wife and I settled down in a pretty home in the large town where I was in business. Constance's taste was such that she made of those bare rooms a dream of beauty and a reality of cozy comfort. I had given her the finest piano I could find, and my reward was a hundredfold in the music with which my wife feasted me when I came home from the worries and friction of my daily routine at the store. I began to realize something of what I had missed all these years.

But in the realization of this there was one drawback. If I have said nothing of Constance's son beyond the merest mention of his existence, it is not because he was unimportant to me. He was a tall, fine-looking boy of about fifteen. I have already said how little there was that was noble in my nature, and it was a decided proof of this, that from the first I disliked this boy. I struggled against it, but the feeling was there, cover it up as I might.

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If Constance suspected the state of feeling between us she never hinted at it. She was very fond of Donald—surely I was not jealous of that young fellow, her own son! But I confess I did not enjoy seeing her caress him. The boy seemed shy and reserved, and I mistrusted him. I had been such a different boy myself, I thought he must be deceitful. He was an obedient boy. Constance was always most careful to defer to me, and to have Donald come to me for permission to do certain things. He attended the High School, where he stood unusually well in his studies. It was after his graduation I persuaded Constance to let me send him to college at my own expense.

I felt like a boy after his departure. To have Constance to myself—to have my home freed from the only shadow it held, made me wildly happy. I tried to control myself, so that Constance might not suspect the reason; but, of course, any woman not blind, deaf and dumb could perceive the change in me.

I know it pained her, but she said nothing. She was always the same loving, thoughtful wife. I loved her more as time went on.

One day I was surprised to find in my mail at the store a letter addressed to me in Donald's handwriting. I opened the letter with some surprise and curiosity, and read:

"May —, 18—

"*Dear Mr. Hassan:* I'm in trouble. Won't you come to me? Inclosed please find check for traveling expenses. Please don't tell mother where you are going, as I don't want her worried.

"Sincerely yours,

"DONALD M. STARR."

"Well, this must be serious! What scrape has he tumbled into now?" I thought impatiently. "He need not be afraid of my telling his mother. Confound the boy, he couldn't have chosen a more inconvenient time for me than now."

I made the best possible arrangements at the store for a short absence, and hurried home. I pleaded business to Constance, but it was my first concealment from her, and it troubled me.

When I reached C—— I asked for Donald, and was directed to his rooms. A tired voice answered my knock with "Come."

Donald sat by the window, book in hand, but as soon as he saw me he came forward.

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"You want help?" I asked, as we sat down, and I saw his pale, anxious face, so different from the care-free one familiar to me. "Now tell me all about it," and I inwardly braced myself to hear the worst.

"Thank you, sir," said the young fellow warmly. "You are very kind; I shan't apologize for troubling you, and shall take as little time as possible in telling you of my—my misfortune. But first you must pledge me your word of honor that you will repeat nothing that I confide to you."

"I don't know whether I can do that."

"Then, sir, I cannot say a word," said the boy. (How like the lad's expression was to his mother's.) I promised, and with downcast eyes Donald went on:

"You know, sir, that it is against the rules of the college for any of the students to enter a saloon. Lately a small and most disreputable one has been started in the town just below here. The boys were most emphatically warned that one visit there meant dismissal, or they would be expelled. A few nights since several of the students—more in a spirit of lawlessness than a desire for drink—ran off to this place. In spite of all their caution some hint of it leaked out at the last moment and two professors went in pursuit. The boys were warned in time and escaped, but, as luck would have it, one of them dropped one of my handkerchiefs with my name written in mother's plain handwriting in one corner. I had lent it to him one day at some entertainment where his was forgotten. He was not a friend of mine, and I see him but seldom, as he is a sophomore; yet while those three boon companions go scot-free, I am the one of whom they have proof of guilt.

"It seems too silly and commonplace—the whole thing—and yet it has brought me into a world of trouble. I have been up before the faculty and am threatened with being expelled. As you know, I'm a senior, and if this disgrace falls upon me I shall not be allowed to graduate. Even that is not the worst, but it is of mother I think. Such a thing would break her heart. It seems to me that I could not bear that." Donald broke off suddenly and began pacing the floor.

"But what do you mean? Of course the student who dropped your handkerchief will not let you suffer for it?" I asked.

"Well, he will, and does," said Donald.

"But, mercy on us, boy, I shall go and expose him—I shall not let you suffer."

"But your promise," said Donald quietly.

"You're crazy, Donald, to do such a foolish, Quixotic thing as this," I said impatiently. "Are you so fond of this mean, contemptible fellow that you shield him, or is it some crazy idea of honor you have?"

"Neither," the young fellow answered, looking straight into my eyes (strange that brown eyes could look so like gray ones). "I am so anxious to graduate with honor, yet I cannot—must not—expose this fellow, because—because—I love his sister."

"Oh!" I stopped in time to keep from adding "nonsense!"

"Yes, I love his sister," Donald repeated earnestly. "I have written to mother about her. It would kill her if there were serious trouble for her brother. It would really be too cruel. I am a man—it is best for me to stand it instead of a loving, helpless girl. If there is no alternative, I must go. But I don't think that all is lost yet." Donald gave a singularly bright smile. "I knew that you were such an old friend of Professor Hicks, and I wondered——"

"Go on," I said. "What can I do?"

"I know you think me foolish, and I'm not sure that you would be willing, but I wondered if you would go to Professor Hicks and tell him that you were satisfied that I was innocent, but that the circumstances were such that I felt bound to be silent."

"Certainly I am willing," I replied, "but you know that Professor Hicks is against several, and he may think me partial——"

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"Oh, but you could tell him that you've never cared for me," Donald broke in impulsively, then stopped, looking annoyed.

"Go on," I said once more. "You seem to take it for granted that I believe you."

"Yes, sir. You are a just man on the whole, and I think you know me well enough to be certain that whatever my faults I would not lie"—again his manner so like his mother's.

I looked at him curiously—I was beginning to think I had been mistaken in this tall, quiet, self-contained young man.

"I will see the Professor at once," I said, "and may I congratulate you on your engagement with the fair unknown?"

"We are not engaged," said Donald simply. "Mother and I both decided that I was too young, and I felt that I must have something assured. I could not bind a girl—and especially one who has had enough uncertainties in her life—to a possible long waiting for a student not yet out of college. She must know I love her—and I hope—at least I fancy that she does not dislike me."

As I could not keep my face perfectly sober I smiled, and then hurried off on my mission.

My old friend seemed unaffectedly glad to see me, and after we had talked over old times I introduced the subject uppermost in my thoughts. I told him the little I could, adding my unswerving belief—nay knowledge—of Donald's innocence.

"It has astonished us all," said the Professor with a troubled air. "Donald's record has been so fine that we were amazed over this proof of his guilt. Of course I can imagine circumstances where it could be possible that Donald might be perfectly blameless, yet I cannot think that there is any student here who would permit such a thing." He looked keenly at me.

"The question that interests me is whether Donald is to be allowed to stay to graduate," I said. "If he isn't it will kill his mother, as well as blight the boy's prospects."

"I've always admired the boy, Chris. He seemed so manly good, not prudy good," Professor Hicks went on in the old, earnest way I so well remembered, "and you know how I always detested prigs. You say you are sure of the boy's innocence—so am I; but I surely didn't understand you to say that Donald had never been a favorite of yours—why, he's one in a thousand."

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"Well, a man can be mistaken, can't he?" I blurted out like a boy. "One can't have the wisdom and insight of an ancient philosopher." An inscrutable look came into my old friend's eyes, but he said nothing.

When I took my leave he grasped my hand cordially. "I shall do what I can for your son, you may be sure," he said, "and shall write you the result."

"No, telegraph," I urged, to my own surprise. Again that queer look came into the Professor's eyes as he replied: "Very well, I shall do so. But, my friend, I must say this: Would to God Donald was my son."

I hurried back to Donald and told him of my interview; he thanked me cordially.

"I feel that I must leave to-day, unless by staying I can do you good," I said.

"You have done everything possible—I must now await the result, and I always have hope." Donald smiled as he said this, but his eyes belied his words. They were not only tired, but had a haggard look.

"Donald," I said, grasping his hand, "let us be friends—no, more than friends. I was prejudiced against you, but that is past——"

He would not let me go on: "It was a prejudice on both sides, I am afraid," he interrupted me in a frank manner, "but as you say, it is now a thing of the past. Certainly, as we both think so much of the same woman—" here he gave a look half shy, half amused at me.

As I was whirled away on the swift-going train my thoughts seemed to partake of the train's motion—they seemed quicker and keener than usual. They were principally with and about Donald. So many things—trifling they seemed at the time—returned to me, of the opportunities I had willfully lost, to win the boy's love and confidence—was it still too late? Was it still too late?

When I met my wife after these few days' separation I looked at her with new eyes. For the first time I seemed to partly realize her feelings as a mother—as Donald's mother.

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At the dinner-table I incidentally praised Donald's capacity as a student. The sudden lighting of her eyes, the quick look of surprise touched me. What a jealous fool I had been!

How anxiously I awaited that telegram! Constance startled me one day by saying: "Do you know, Christian, I've felt for days that Donald was in some trouble—aren't mothers foolish?"

"No, they are far too good for us, but we need them more than they imagine," I answered with feeling.

"Christian," said my wife with a look of relief, "you are so different."

I knew what she meant. With her quick instincts she had felt that she could, for the first time, speak freely to me of Donald.

At last the telegram arrived. I tore it open in furious haste. It ran:

"All serene. Donald is to graduate.

"SAMUEL HICKS."

"You seem very happy," said Constance. I longed to tell her all, but felt that Donald should be allowed to do that.

The lad graduated in June, and Constance and I went on to C—— to witness his triumph. His oration was praised universally, and not a few declared that it excelled the valedictory. I thought there was no doubt about it. I was astonished at its originality and depth of thought.

I confess I was proud of the handsome, tall, young fellow who bore his honors so modestly, yet with a self-possession I almost envied. And in the evening, at the promenade concert, Donald brought up a young girl to whom he introduced us—Miss Henschel. I knew this must be the *fair unknown*. I had only thought of her in a careless way—a passing boyish fancy—but after that meeting my opinion was shaken.

Marie Henschel impressed me as a girl of no ordinary calibre. I had seen more beautiful girls—never one with the peculiar attractiveness she possessed. That look in her eyes showed character; it could not be assumed at pleasure. It came from experience in sorrow as well as a habit of thought. Yet she was not a grave young woman. Her smile was sunny. I could see that Constance felt drawn toward her.

After commencement was over we three went off for a short stay at the seashore.

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It was there that we talked of his future. I had thought of it very often lately, and wondered which of the professions he would select. To my surprise, when I asked him, he said: "I do not want a profession. Will you answer a question with perfect freedom?" I assented. "Would you care to take a partner in your business—one with capital?" he asked.

"I've always had a prejudice against partners—but you don't mean that you are the partner?" I added hesitatingly.

"Yes, I do," Donald said, smiling, "but you must refuse if you have the slightest hesitation about it. I shall go into mercantile life of some sort, and I should like the benefit of your experience, if you could put up with my lack of it. Don't answer now, sir; I can wait."

Well, the result was that in the fall there was a new firm, a fine new building put up, with a new sign: Hassan & Starr. Donald's money was very acceptable to me in extending my business, and he seemed to think my reputation and experience helped him, so it was a mutual satisfaction.

As soon as the arrangements were fairly completed up there among the mountains, Donald was the *fiancé* of Mary Henschel.

It was at the pretty, quiet wedding at Marie's aunt's that Donald surprised me. As Constance and I came near to kiss the bride, so sweet and tremulous in her happiness, Donald said quickly: "Oh, father, you will love her, won't you?" It was the first but not the last time Donald called me by that new title. I should never have dared ask for it, but the voluntary giving of it was intensely gratifying.

Rain on the Roof

By Coates Kinney

WHEN the humid showers hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother
As she used, in years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
So I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With the wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

The Nest of the Nightingales

THE RIVAL SINGERS*

By Marion Yates Bunner

AROUND the chateau was a beautiful park where birds of all kinds met and warbled their several songs in sweet accord. In springtime there was such a warbling you could hardly hear yourself speak. Every leaf concealed a nest. Every tree was an orchestra. The little feathered musicians improved daily. Some chirped or cooed, others executed trills.

In the chateau lived two beautiful cousins, Isabelle and Fleurette, who sang better than all the birds in the park. Their reputation for beauty and talent had spread throughout Europe. But they were not proud. They lived a retired life, seeing no one but their little page, Valentine, a beautiful child with blonde hair, and the sire of Maulvrier, a hoary old man, broken down with the weight of seventy years, or more.

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The birds were not forgotten; they fared sumptuously every day on breadcrumbs thrown to them by the cousins. They passed their time in throwing crumbs to the little birds and in saying their prayers; but principally in studying the works of the masters. There were flowers, too, which they tended themselves; their lives flowed on in these mild and poetic occupations.

They were very young when they came to the manor. Their window looked out on the park, and they had been lulled by the songs of the birds. They sang as others breathed; it was natural to them.

This education had singularly influenced their characters. Their harmonious infancy had separated them from turbulent and prattling childhood. They cried in tune and moaned in accord. They could not tolerate those who were not musical. They floated in a vague melody, and nearly perceived the world reel from their sounds. In short, they were music-mad; they dreamed of it; they forgot to eat or drink; they loved nothing else in the world.

The most celebrated masters came from afar to hear, and, if possible, to cope with them. But these musicians no sooner listened to a measure, than they would break their instruments and tear their scores in acknowledging themselves vanquished. In fact, it was music so divine, that the cherubim came down from Heaven to learn it by heart, so as to sing it to the good God.

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One evening in May, the two cousins sang an anthem. Never was anthem more happily rendered. A nightingale, perched on a rose-bush, had listened to them attentively. When they had finished, he approached the window, and in bird language, said: "I would like to challenge you to sing."

The two cousins replied it would be agreeable to them, and the bird began. He was a master nightingale. His little throat swelled to its utmost; he beat his wings; his whole body trembled. The trills had the most perfect finish. He gave forth the most velvety sounds; he pearled the cadences with the most despairing purity; they said his voice had wings like his body. He stopped, certain he had gained the victory.

The two cousins sang in their turn; they surpassed themselves. The song of the nightingale seemed, after theirs, like the warbling of a common sparrow.

The winged virtuoso held back his crowning effort; he sang a Romance of Love, then he executed a brilliant flourish beyond the reach of the human voice.

The two cousins, without being frightened at this feat of strength, turned the leaves of their music-book, and replied to the nightingale in such a way that Saint Cecilia, who listened to them from Heaven, became pale with jealousy, and dropped her harp to the earth.

The nightingale tried to sing again, but his last song had exhausted him. His breath failed him; his feathers bristled up, his eyes closed; he was about to die.

"You sing better than I," said he, "and to know that you surpass me breaks my heart. I ask one thing of you. I have a nest with three little ones, in the third sweetbriar near the water. Raise them, and if you will teach them to sing like yourselves, I will die content."

Having said this the nightingale gave up the ghost. Shortly after, when the birds were a little older, they began their musical education.

It was wonderful to see how tame they were, and how well they sang. They had learned many songs, and now they began to improvise very prettily.

The cousins lived more and more in solitude, and in the evening there could be heard coming from their chamber sounds of a supernatural melody. The nightingales, being perfectly instructed, took part in the concert, and they sang nearly as well as their mistresses.

Their voices improved wonderfully in clearness and volume. But the girls grew thin; their beautiful color faded; they became pale as agates and almost as transparent. As soon as they executed a few measures a little red stain appeared on their cheeks, and grew larger until the song was ended; then the stain disappeared.

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As for the rest, their singing was as divine as ever; it was something not of this world, and, to listen to their sonorous and powerful voices, coming from two such frail young girls, it was not difficult to see that the time would come when the music would break the instrument.

One night the window was open. The birds warbled in the park. There was so much music in the air that they could not resist the temptation of rendering a duo.

It was the song of the swan. It was a marvelous song, all full of tears, rising to the most inaccessible heights, and descending the scale to the last note. Something sparkling and yet weird—a deluge of trills; an artificial musical fire, impossible to describe. Meanwhile, the red stain, singularly large, nearly covered their cheeks. The three nightingales looked at them and anxiously listened. Their wings fluttered; they came and went; they could not keep still; finally, they burst into song, and when they had finished the last phrase their voices sounded so clear and velvety that they were more like human creatures who sang.

The nightingales took wing. The two cousins were dead; their souls had parted with the last note.

The nightingales soared straight to Heaven, to carry this supreme song to God, who kept them all in His paradise to render to Him the music the cousins had given while on earth. The good God made later, from these three nightingales, the souls of Palestrina, of Cimarosa and of the Chevalier Glück. So their music came to Earth again.

* * *

Enjoying a Sinecure.—Reporting upon a speaker who had given utterance to a piece of empty self-glorification, Curran said: "The honorable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honor—I wish him joy of his sinecure."

* Translated from the French.

The Coming of Nancy

THE ONE HOPE OF DENNIS O'ROURKE'S LIFE

By Lucy Derby

DENNIS O'ROURKE had found a staunch friend and ally in the little daughter of the house, and a partnership had been established between the child of eleven and the good-natured old Irish gardener. Nora stoutly defended each blunder of her oracle, and Dennis delighted in gratifying the child's slightest desire. Long summer mornings were passed in the sunshine of the garden, and Nora rejoiced when Dennis praised the skill with which her little fingers twisted up the weeds from among the strawberries, taking good care all the while that her feet should not step upon the long, tender runners. Dennis told her many long stories about his home and his old Nancy, and when the interest grew intense the child would stop all work and seat herself in the old blue wheelbarrow and listen, while she watched the sun dance on the sea, half wondering if that silver path really led to Ireland.

Mr. Spencer's large house stood in the centre of only an acre and a half of land, which reached from the road to the ocean beach; but the single acre divided into lawn and garden seemed a vast estate to Nora, who shared all of Dennis' responsibilities. The arbor vitæ hedge, which outlined the entire place, required not only to be trimmed with Dennis' great shears, but Nora's own little garden-scissors were necessary to cut away the small brown branches burned by the midsummer sun.

The first sounds which greeted Nora's ears, when she awoke early in the summer mornings, told her of Dennis faithfully at work. Perhaps his rake in the gravel walk lingered under her window to let her know that one member of the firm was awake.

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The summer had half gone, and Nora's garden seeds had been examined once too often to see if they had taken root, and nothing gave any promise of glory in her small domain save the yellow rose-bush and white currant-bush with its big, cool berries.

Across the avenue stood the smoke-bush, which had been crowned by the morning fog with diamonds, and Nora longed to transplant it in all its gleaming beauty into her own garden. Dennis shook his head. He saw the impossibility of safely moving the far-reaching roots, and he looked about to see what could be done for the greater beauty of the bare little garden. His eyes fell upon a large privet-bush, and pointing to it, he said:

"And is it trimmed like a paycock, Miss Nora? Sure, Mr. Gresham at the grange cut ivery conceivable kind of baste and bird; there were roosters and guinea-hens, pigs and stars, and there's many a bit of an inn in the old country named after the figger cut in the tree at its own door." Nora thought the peafowl would produce a charming effect standing in the corner of her garden, and would show finely from the piazza, but she recalled her parents' displeasure when, having made with the greatest care large newspaper patterns of the letters, she and Dennis had spelled Erin in red geraniums, straight across the lawn, and she thought it wise to ask permission first this time. Mrs. Spencer was willing that Nora should treat her own garden as she wished, and soon Dennis was at work clipping out a chunky chicken which Nora watched with wonder.

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As Dennis worked in the little garden he told Nora that when Mother O'Rourke came over from Ireland she should bring a cutting from the rose-bush which had grown for forty years by his Irish home. "A real rose of Shannon, Miss Nora, to set out along with yer purty white currants there."

"You mean a rose of Sharon, don't you, Dennis?" Nora said gently, a little timid in correcting her friend.

"Faith, and I just don't, Miss, do ye mind the Shannon River? It's the purtiest in all Ireland, and it's no matter what the Bible manes, but I mane the rose of Shannon growing by my own door, with Nancy," said Dennis, looking quite hurt and troubled, so Nora hastened to say: "But, Dennis, when is Nancy ever coming? You have told me all last summer and this that you would send for her, and I should think she would be tired of waiting so long."

"Hushy, there, now, Miss Nora, say no more about it; many's the long day she'd wait for her old Dennis—a whole century, if need be; but come along, now, let's make the garden nate enough for the foine young lady ye are, and be aisy with yer questionings," and Dennis was near being cross.

For three years Dennis had been striving to earn enough money to send back to Killaloe for Mother O'Rourke and the little grandson Jerry, whom he had left waiting for the great ship which he had promised them should sail some fine morning up the beautiful Shannon River to fetch them to America. Work had been hard to get, and Dennis had lingered about the steamboat docks picking up any errands or odd jobs.

He had fully made up his mind that one hundred dollars would be necessary to get Nancy and Jerry all the way from Killaloe into his own two arms in Boston, but his progress toward saving that amount was very slow and full of discouragements. Now at last he had found employment for the summer as gardener to Mr. Spencer, but the long winter months without steady work diminished his summer savings, and the spring found him very little nearer the necessary sum than he had been the year before. Nora, who had been a delicate child, grew strong and well in the outdoor life, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, appreciating their good fortune in securing the services of the faithful Irishman, determined to employ him in their city stable to assist the coachman, whose large family had outgrown the four rooms over the stable. Dennis was to sleep there at night and to aid in the care of the horses and carriages during the day.

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It was a plan which filled his very soul with joy; here was a home for his Nancy, and by the autumn he would have the necessary sum to bring her and Jerry safely to Boston. The proposition was made to him and quickly accepted, and the next morning he determined to tell Nora the good tidings. It was four or five weeks since he had cut the privet-bush, and the peafowl had now sprouted out so that it began to resemble a hedgehog. Nora was watching him trim it back into shape. It seemed to her that Dennis was too unusually silent, and she wondered if any one had said anything which could hurt his feelings.

She seated herself in the big wheelbarrow, and with a kind look, full of sympathy, said: "Dennis, are you sad?"

Dennis stopped in his work and turned and looked at her, and she saw a twinkle in his eye which gave her confidence to say:

"Why, Dennis, you're not sad, after all; I never saw you so happy; you look like sunshine. Have you heard from Nancy?"

Dennis, who had grown dependent upon the child's sympathy and advice, told her of his great good fortune in being given work and a home for the winter, and that he had saved within a few dollars of the necessary sum, and was at last going to send for Mother O'Rourke and Jerry.

"Faith, I've all but ivery cint of it, Missy, but I'm sorry with thinking how I'll get it into Nancy's own hands in Killaloe. Can me master tell me, der ye think?"

"Of course; he can arrange it all, Dennis. I think it's very fortunate that he knows our Minister to England, and he'll just write and ask him to attend to it for us; I know he'll do it."

"To England is it, ye say? Niver a bit! England sha'n't have a finger in my Nancy's coming; it's free of England intoirely we are after trying to be. No, Miss Nora, that won't do at all, at all! Niver, niver do!"

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After a long silence she said: "Well then, Dennis, would it do to write to the priest in Killaloe, the one you said was so kind, and ask him to start them off to America?"

"There, now ye have it, and ye are a young St. Patrick for the sinse of ye; why, sure it's the very thing, and will ye write the letter yerself, Miss?"

Nora felt honored, and was delighted. She consulted her father about sending the money, and he agreed to purchase for Dennis a draft upon Ireland payable to the priest of St. Monica's Church, Killaloe, and offered to write the letter himself, but Nora claimed that privilege as her own, promising to let him see that the address was legible.

It was hard for Dennis to wait now that his plan was so near realization, and the days seemed weeks, but a great deal had to be decided upon in regard to the important letter, and Dennis and Nora discussed it for a full morning while trimming the grass borders of the garden, the sun flashing on the little sickle as if the new moon had come down to them. The letter was to be written that evening immediately after dinner. Nora had asked her father to give her the use of his library.

The lamps had not been lighted when Nora took possession of her father's large writing-table. This was going to be a very important letter, and she must surely have dictionary and blotting-paper and sealing-wax close at hand. The two tall student-lamps were brought in and placed on the table, casting a bright light on the little, fair-haired girl whose flushed cheeks and bare, sunburned arms, contrasting with her white dress, made a pretty picture as the tall old Irishman entered the room on tiptoe.

Dennis seated himself hurriedly on the extreme edge of the chair nearest to the door, where he twisted about uneasily, as if anxious to get away. He had a sprig of red geranium in his buttonhole, and although his wrinkled face was perplexed, there was a look of hopefulness flitting across it.

After a few moments of waiting Nora looked up gravely from her paper, and said: "Dennis, I am ready. Begin."

"Well, Missy," said Dennis in a whisper, from which tone he never changed during the interview, "just ask His Riverance to send Mother O'Rourke and the boy right along in the very next steamer that has not left when he gets this, and tell him——"

"Oh, Dennis, that's too fast, and I don't like to interrupt you, but I must ask you a great many questions first. You see, to begin with, you've not told me whether to write in Irish or English—shall I say reverence or riverance?"

"Whist now, Irish, to be shure; not an English word, if ye can help it."

"Well, then, now I've written: 'Yer Riverence—Mr. O'Rourke presents his compliments and——' (you know, Dennis, this is a business letter, and must be very formal). 'Mr. O'Rourke presents his compliments and one hundred dollars in money ——' there, now, that seems to go all right, so far," and Nora looked up for approbation from Dennis, who sat with his hand to his wrinkled brow, striving to look sage, and whispering over to himself: "It's a big bit—it's a big bit." Nora, a little disappointed that Dennis did not praise her skill, waited a moment for him to suggest the next sentence, but he was still lost in the magnitude of the sum he had saved, and continued to whisper "a big bit—a big bit" until Nora said gravely: "I am waiting; you must dictate this letter by yourself, Dennis."

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"What's that I must do? Sure it's aisy, now the money's in it, to finish it up short like. Just say like this, 'Plase sind Mother O'Rourke and the boy to America.' That seems a respectful way to close it, and not take the gintleman's time," said Dennis, with a restless twist, which indicated, as his whole attitude did, that he was conscious of a restraint in the library which had never hampered him in his own province—the garden. Nora's sympathy made her quick to feel that she must be responsible for the whole undertaking. So, begging Dennis not to worry, the little fair head bent over the paper in silence, and the Indian-brown arms spread out on the table as she slowly and laboriously composed and wrote the whole letter, occasionally stopping and looking thoughtfully at the ceiling as if for inspiration. Dennis watched her with tender, admiring love and an occasional shake of his head and said: "Miss Nora, ye are a young St. Patrick for the wisdom of ye."

At last, with a great sigh of relief, Nora read with slow, clear utterance: "To the Priest of St. Monica's Church, Killaloe, Ireland. Yer Riverence—Mr. O'Rourke presents his compliments and one hundred dollars in money, and desires Mother O'Rourke and the boy sent by the first ship that hasn't sailed, to Boston; he resides at No. 25 Juniper Street; and please let them bring the rose-bush."

Dennis' look of anxiety broadened into a smile of satisfaction, as he whispered:

"Ye've said it all, Missy, it's all there, it is, excepting to tell him it's obleeged to him I'll be, and sign it Dennis O'Rourke."

So Nora wrote: "It's obleeged to him I'll be—Mr. O'Rourke," explaining again to Dennis that this was to be a very dignified letter. She took great pains with the address. 'To the Priest of St. Monica's Church" was a long line, and involved the loss of several envelopes before it was finally accomplished. Dennis firmly insisted upon Killaloe being described as being upon the Shannon River, Ireland, and as the last word was written Nora sat looking at the envelope, thinking it was a great privilege for her, a little girl, to be writing to a priest.

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Looking up at Dennis she said thoughtfully: "I wonder if this priest will ever be Pope," and then she added:

"Dennis, is the position of a Pope ever hereditary?"

Dennis, not willing to expose his ignorance of the meaning of the word, said: "Aye, aye, Miss, it's aisily that. It's for life."

"No, Dennis, I mean is it kept in one family, like Kings and Queens, you know! Does it go from father to son?"

"From father to son, is it? But His Highness never marries, Miss Nora."

"Oh, I forgot, Dennis; the Pope is a bachelor, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is ivery bit of it, Missy, and now the letter is done I'll bid ye good evening."

The few remaining weeks of summer and early autumn sped quickly by.

On the morning of the day for moving to the city a letter arrived for Dennis from the priest in Killaloe.

It was the first word from his old home that Dennis had received in all these years, and as he held it in his hand great tears rolled down his cheeks. Nora, who had brought the letter to him, knew her services would be needed in reading it. Dennis leaned on his rake as Nora opened the letter and read that the money had been received, and Mother O'Rourke and the boy would start in one week on board the steamer Starlight, which would sail September 20, and come direct to Boston.

After consulting Mr. Spencer Nora was able to tell Dennis that the steamer would arrive on the following Saturday or Sunday. Dennis was of very little assistance in the family moving; he was profuse in smiles, but he could not remember whether he had spread the seaweed on the lawn before leaving, and he was sure he had neglected to cord up the cook's barrel of tins.

The rooms over Mr. Spencer's stable, at 25 Juniper Street, were more delightful than Dennis' utmost power of imagination had pictured them. Through Nora's keen interest Mrs. Spencer's storeroom was made to provide one after another of the needed pieces of furniture, and Nora, with her own little hands, made pretty white curtains with ball fringe to tie back at the little windows where she placed her own best geranium and ivy. From her savings she bought a pretty china tea-set and some knives, forks and spoons. The little rooms became a palace in Dennis' eyes.

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On Thursday he asked permission to go to East Boston and await the arrival of the steamer. Mr. Spencer assured him that the steamer could not arrive before Saturday, and probably not until Sunday, but a look of such deep disappointment gathered upon Dennis' face that Mr. Spencer advised his going there to wait, so as to be sure to be on hand. From Thursday until Sunday afternoon Dennis left the wharf neither night nor day, excepting to hurriedly buy some sandwiches at a little shop near by. At noon on Sunday he was told that the steamer Starlight was telegraphed, and in a few hours he saw the great black vessel approaching. It seemed an endless undertaking to make the great steamer fast to the wharf, and all the time Dennis' expectant face was to be seen here and there and everywhere in the steadily increasing group of those who had come to meet their friends. In and out along the crowded wharf he ran, and once getting so near that his cheek touched the cold iron of the ship, he called up to the steerage deck:

"Whist, there, Nancy, Dennis is alongside!" But no answering voice came to him out of the babel of tongues.

At last, seeing the gangplanks being made ready, Dennis established himself close against the rope of the landing-place for the steerage and second-cabin passengers, and once more gayly adjusting his hat at the right angle he waited with a bright, expectant smile greeting each man, woman or child who descended the gangplank. One by one they came, and eager voices and arms were ready with greetings, but none came to Dennis, and no one looked twice at his expectant face.

Where could Nancy be? She would never wait until the last. He had expected to see her the very first to proudly step from the ship. The letter had said she would come by the Starlight. Where was she? She must have come. For several hours he lingered, his heart growing heavy and sorrowful, the light dying out of his eyes and the corners of his mouth turning sadly down.

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As he walked slowly out from the covered dock he saw a young woman in a pink cotton dress, sitting on a trunk in the corner crying, and a stout little boy of three or four striving to comfort her. Seeing some one else in distress Dennis' kind heart was touched, and he stepped quickly across to ask what he could do to aid her, saying gently: "There now, Mary, dear, don't ye cry!" The girl, with a face like a primrose on a rainy day, looked up, and said in a rich brogue, that her husband had sent all the way to Ireland for her, and then had not even taken the trouble to meet her. Dennis was generous with proffered aid, and silently determined to teach the ungrateful fellow to treat his young wife better the next time.

Feeling that she had found a friend, the girl dried her tears and said:

"If ye'll just show me the way it's grateful I'll be; it's Twinty-foive Juniper Street, Boston, I'm going to."

Dennis' face expressed great horror, and his knees trembled a little as he said slowly and gravely:

"Say that agin, ma'am. Say it agin."

"Sure the praste in Killaloe told me Twinty-foive Juniper Street, Boston, was where he lived, and what harm's that, Mister?" she answered timidly.

"What's yer name, I say? Be after telling me yer name?" he shouted.

"Mrs. O'Rourke's me name," she replied.

Poor Dennis felt all his strength forsaking him, and seating himself on a box by the wall, he muttered, "Praste in Killaloe—told Mrs. O'Rourke—Twinty-foive Juniper Street? then it's ruined I am intirely, and there's no Nancy coming at all, and it's dying I wish I were, let alone living!"

Gradually there crept over his mind that a great mistake had been made somewhere, and that all his money had gone and his old Nancy was waiting still in Killaloe. The little home arranged with such care he saw invaded by this girl and her child. What would become of all his pretty things? How could he ever explain to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer? What would Miss Nora think of him? What a horrible situation! At moments he thought of running rapidly back to Juniper Street and getting to the rooms before the young woman, and then bolting and barring the doors and shutting her out; but he felt he could never make the Spencers understand what had happened; he did not quite know himself. No explanation would be so convincing as the presence of this Mrs. O'Rourke sent by the priest himself.

Dennis sat running his hands in and out through his hair, and murmuring to himself, never noticing the departure of Mrs. O'Rourke and her child. At last he realized that he could not stay where he was all night; the wharf was being cleared by the watchmen and he found himself driven out. When he turned toward the city, quick visions of this angry woman greeted him, and he walked rapidly away from houses and wharves, on and on, until worn and disheartened he crept into a shed and slept on the ground far away from Juniper Street, and thousands of miles from Nancy.

Nora had waited all Sunday afternoon and evening for Dennis' return, and had lighted the lamps in the little rooms long before dark, and had spread the table for tea to welcome Mother O'Rourke, but no one had come, and she had finally gone sorrowingly home to bed. Early the next morning word was brought by the servants that Mrs. O'Rourke was in the kitchen, and the parlormaid shook her head and said, "Dennis must have married one very much beneath him in years," and that it was "strange enough" that Dennis had not even met her at the steamer.

Mrs. Spencer and Nora were greatly surprised to find, instead of the old, motherly Irish woman of whom they had so often spoken, a very young, pretty, rosy girl, accompanied by a small, tow-haired boy of four. Upon inquiry and investigation the situation became no clearer. Nora's eyes grew very large and round when Mrs. O'Rourke said her husband had sent money to Father O'Han in Killaloe to bring her to America, and the priest had been very kind in starting her at once on the steamer Starlight. Mrs. Spencer was disturbed, and as the day wore on and Mr. Spencer came home and there was still no trace of Dennis, they all grew anxious and perplexed.

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Had he deceived them and imposed upon their kindness, leaving them with these helpless travelers upon their hands? It did not seem possible that they could have been mistaken in the good heart and honest nature of the Irishman. As days and weeks passed by, and still no tidings of his whereabouts came to them, Nora began to think the priest in Killaloe had misunderstood her letter; perhaps he had forgotten all about her Dennis and had sent another Mrs. O'Rourke to another Dennis. This possibility became a conviction, and gradually it was shared by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, but still what had become of Dennis himself?

When Dennis awoke with his heavy load of disappointment upon his heart, the day was clear and the sun was in the heavens, just as it had always been. He was homeless and without work, but the bright, hopeful temperament with which God has so mercifully blessed the Irish nature began to assert and reëstablish itself. Dennis came out from his darkness into the sunlight. The birds were singing and the trees were gay in autumn colors, and gradually a comforting conviction stole over his soul. He calmly and quietly decided that the whole situation was far too great a problem for him to attempt to solve it. He had done his best. Nancy alone would be able to extricate him from the difficulties which beset his life; it was true the ocean was between them, but the whole Atlantic Ocean could not separate him from Nancy's love.

All the long winter he hung about the docks, and was always on hand to welcome each incoming steamer—but no Nancy.

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The spring opened, but still no Nancy; yet his faith was strong—surely she would come to him. At last Dennis determined to venture across to the city, and after having made the expedition without being seen by the Spencers, he would, in the long spring twilight, after the work on the wharves was over, cross the ferry and steal about on tiptoe past Mr. Spencer's house, and then on to Juniper Street. He longed to get a glimpse of Miss Nora, but his fear of being seen or of encountering Mrs. O'Rourke made him hurriedly pass both house and stable. Late one Sunday afternoon in June he lingered for a moment beyond the stable door to breathe in the fragrance of a blossoming grapevine which hung over the back wall of the next house. A longing seized him to be back at his old work of gardening, and as he stood where for many sunny hours he and Miss Nora, with wheelbarrow and rake, had worked so happily, he heard a cry of:

"Here he is! Oh, Dennis, my dear old Dennis!" and in a moment his little partner had seized both his hands and was standing gazing up into his face.

Nora dragged him to the stable, calling out to her father, who was examining a new harness, to come and see Dennis.

Poor Dennis. His words were confused as he told Mr. Spencer of the blunder that had been made. It was easy to see his honesty of purpose, and Nora and her father arranged that he should come to them a few days later, when they had again moved into their summer home. Dennis looked disturbed and reluctant, and his awkward hesitancy preceded a most confused inquiry as to the whereabouts of the Mrs. O'Rourke in the pink gown; but he brightened and straightened up after he learned that she and her child had found a comfortable home.

On the day of moving, the unpacking of the great van is of absorbing interest. Nora watched trunks and barrels being carried in, and made many hurried expeditions to the back of the house to see if Dennis really was at work in the garden. All night long she dreamed of smoke-bushes and honeysuckle, and peafowls and Dennis, and she awoke to the sound of birds singing and of the rake among the pebbles of the avenue.

When Nora joined Dennis at his work in the morning she carried a little black reticule in her hand, and when Dennis' quick eye caught sight of it he was fearful that Miss Nora was bringing her work and had lost her interest in gardening, and he greeted her with:

"Why, Missy, and how's it yer trowel has to be carried in so foine a bag that it looks fit for yer sewing, let alone digging?"

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Nora seated herself in her old seat on the wheelbarrow, and looking very full of business, said: "Now listen, Dennis, for I've a great deal to say to you about poor Nancy way off in Ireland."

"Och, darlint, it's not in Killaloe she is now, at all, at all!"

"Why, Dennis, where do you think she is?" the child asked with alarm.

Dennis drew himself up, and said slowly: "Begorrah, thin, thinks I, I dunno, but it's coming to find me, she is, and she'll niver rest aisy till she's done it!"

"What makes you think that?" asked Nora. "Have you heard again from Killaloe, and has the priest sent her?"

"It's after knowing it I am, not thinking at all! It's Dennis' old heart that's after talking to him, encouraging like, for it says, 'Nancy will come,' and she will!"

Nora thought he must be crazy, but said: "Well, Dennis, maybe when I grow up I shall know just as you do when people I love are coming, but I hadn't quite thought of that, so I brought you all my money to send and get Nancy that way, and perhaps it would be a surer way, anyhow."

Dennis' face was full of tender love, and the red handkerchief came to his aid as he said admiringly: "Listen to yerself singing, darlint, for it's an angel ye are; but my Nancy's coming, and we won't spend yer bit of money at all."

Nora was so troubled at Dennis' unwillingness to send again for Nancy that she persuaded her father to write at once to the priest at Killaloe.

The month of July had passed quickly by when Mr. Spencer received a letter with the tidings that Nancy and Jerry had left Killaloe some months before, and had been at work all winter in Limerick, but had finally sailed in June for Boston, and the letter contained much regret that the very unfortunate error had been made, but the priest was a newcomer in Killaloe, and knew of only one Mrs. O'Rourke.

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Notwithstanding all Dennis' faith that Nancy was coming, the fact that she must already be in Boston came as a great and complete surprise. His first impulse was to throw down his shears, and, buttoning up his coat and adjusting his hat, start at once. How or where he was to find Nancy no one knew. He only begged Mr. Spencer to let him go, and he would find them somehow.

Mr. Spencer advised him to keep to the crowded streets, where they would be likely to be looking for him. Dennis said he would beg a ride through the streets in some of the passing wagons, and he should know his Nancy from any distance.

Three or four days only had passed, and Nora was busily cutting the brown sprays from the arbor vitæ hedge, when suddenly glancing toward the gate at the end of the avenue she saw Dennis and Mother O'Rourke, cap and ruffles and all, approaching, accompanied by Jerry. Dennis was stepping on tiptoe, and bending and bowing as he led by the hand the little, round-faced, bright-eyed old woman. Dennis wore a flower in his coat and his eyes beamed with joy.

Nora bounded forward to welcome them, regardless of strawberry runners this time, crying out: "Oh, Dennis, how happy you look, and how did you find them so soon in all that crowd?" And then turning to Mother O'Rourke, she said: "How could he know you were coming? He said his heart told him, but how did he know it?"

Mother O'Rourke could only stand and curtsy and nudge Jerry to take off his hat, while she kept saying:

"Yis, dear, Dennis is a gintleman, dear, ivery inch of him, yis, he's a gintleman!" and Dennis was proud of her praise, and Nora thought she had never seen any one so happy, but he answered Nora's question:

"Missy, I heard a voice saying over and over, 'Yis, darlint, I'm a-coming, I'm a-coming,' and I just listened to the swate voice, for I knew it was my old woman's. But now it's after trimming the payfowl I'll be, for it's looking dajected and forlorn-like and ill-suited to this joyful season."

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What Defeat Will Cost Spain

SEÑOR GENARO ALAS, a writer on military subjects, has published, in a Madrid newspaper, a sketch of what might happen in a war between the United States and Spain. If the American fleet wins battles at the start, Cuba will be lost to Spain, and probably Porto Rico. Revolt in the Philippines will be stimulated. There will likely be an outbreak in Spain itself. The Americans will supply the insurgents with arms and ammunition, blockade Havana, and starve the Spanish Army to death. "In spite of all my respect for Spanish patriotism," says Señor Alas, "I cannot believe that Spain will be able to stand against the United States." What would happen, he asks, if the Spanish fleet should be successful at the outset, and should bombard several American ports? Nothing would come of it, although the achievement would be a feather in the cap of Spain. But it is generally admitted that the feather in the cap of a man condemned to death has only a limited usefulness.

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The Rich Rewards of Farming

SOME statistics, most significant of the improvement in both trade and farming during 1897, have been compiled by the Department of Agriculture, says the New York Mail and Express. The farmers of the United States, for example, received for their cereal crops about $130,000,000 more in 1897 than in 1896, and $80,000,000 more than in any year since 1892. Hay and wool are both higher in price, and only in cotton is there not a substantial increase in the reward of the planter. It is even more noteworthy that the value of the farm horses of the country increased during 1897 in value over $25,000,000, the milch cows over $65,000,000, and other cattle over $104,000,000, and sheep over $8,000,000, the total increase being estimated at over $236,000,000. Statistician Hyde summarizes his figures by the statement that the farmers of the United States received at least $500,000,000 more in 1897 than in 1896. Of the total increase in our export trade of $93,000,000 for 1897, it is estimated that two-thirds was for agricultural products.

These figures prove that the primary source of wealth in this country is growing rapidly, and that the industry of farming is earning richer rewards. They mean that there has arisen in manufacturing centres a larger and a more liberal market for the consumption of all the products of old mother Earth. They show that the prosperity of the farmer means larger and more scientific development of broad acres, and a growing supply of products to send to foreign markets. The farmer will wax as does the manufacturer. The mill and the cornfield are united in interest. Together they will continue to swell our exports with their surplus products, and to receive peaceful tribute from us, as well as from all the world.

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Our Superior Navy Officers

AT THE close of our Civil War armor still defied the powers of the gun—whether smooth-bore or rifles, says Rear-Admiral Belknap, in the Independent. To-day the gun seems to have the advantage, although the resisting strength of armor has been increased two or three fold. The gun, indeed, has become a mechanism of destruction terrible to contemplate.

The full outcome of a naval fight at this period remains to be seen. The battle of Yalu, held in the Yellow Sea, in 1893, demonstrated, to a large extent, it is true, the terrific character of the sea-fight of to-day; but the full showing was not made because of the half-hearted support the Chinese Admiral received from his Captains and crews.

In a war with Spain, which seems highly probable—war that may challenge our honor and valor at any moment now—the fighting ships of the navies will be about equal in number and in power of armament; but, when we compare the personnel of the two services, we cannot but think that Spain will suffer exceedingly thereby.

The differences in the types of ships, and the changed conditions of motive power and guns, have changed the character of the enlisted men in our service. Their habits are better, and the skill demanded of them is of a more mechanical order; and while we miss some of the characteristics which made the old man-of-war's-man so attractive and interesting, so unique, and so superb as a sailor, the new man is imbued with the same loyal devotion to the flag that possessed the souls of our seamen in the Colonial and Revolutionary days, the war of 1812, and at the outburst of the Civil War in 1861, and may be depended upon to do equally gallant service under whatever stress of circumstances.

As to the officers, no service in the world can match them. In every branch and corps they are superior in education and in training to the officers of any other service—men so well grounded and practised, schooled and equipped, that their services are sought in many directions. Many officers, indeed, have resigned their commissions for the higher pay and greater civil advantages eagerly tendered them by individuals and firms, colleges and corporations, than the Government gives or affords.

But many remain in the service; and we have officers to-day, graduates from our Naval Academy at Annapolis, and from civil colleges in the land, who can take the metal from the mine, and put it through all the processes of preparation and manufacture, until it appears in completed form in the hulls and engines, boilers and dynamos, guns and armor, shells and torpedoes of our ships of war. Expert as electricians, they invent or improve electrical appliances; as chemists, they manufacture the needed explosives for naval use; as inventors, the guns and gun-carriages of our Navy, since the days of Dahlgren, have been designed by them in every part, and built under their supervision.

The guns turned out at the naval gun factory, at Washington, are not excelled by Krupp or any other fabricator of heavy ordnance in Europe; as linguists and mathematicians, as naturalists and adepts in therapeutics and surgery, sanitation and hygiene, they have won world-wide fame; as hydrographers they have no superiors, whether in surveying the coasts and harbors of the globe or in sounding the depths of the sea. Equally at home in the handling of infantry and artillery on shore, they lead the world as versatile and accomplished officers on shipboard. Nor are there any harder-worked men in the country to-day than its naval officers; and, whether in peace or war, they can always be depended upon to do their duty loyally and devotedly in every emergency, or demand, or peril which their profession may call upon them to meet.

Such are the men Spain is to meet on the sea if she enters upon hostilities with this country. We need have no fear of the outcome. Yet it is never wise to underrate an enemy. The English did that in 1812 to their sore cost. Let us not make any such mistake, and all will be well with us.

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How Time Rights Wrongs

OF NO truth are we more firmly convinced than that wrongs right themselves, says the Interior. This conviction comes not from books, moral teaching or authority, but of observation. There is recompense and retribution in the hidden potency of every wrong; action and reaction, recompense to the wronged and retribution to the wrong-doer. We have never seen it fail, and we do not believe that it ever fails. As this law is working everywhere and all the time, it must be under observation by most thoughtful and observant persons, though one may think of its manifestations as happenings without deducing an invariable law.

I appeal to the reader's experience: You remember that you were once wronged. Did not recompense and retribution come along in due time? A vast majority will answer: Yes. Some may say: Not yet. Very well, then you only have to wait. Recompense and retribution are on their way. In some instances the righting of a wrong comes very quickly, in some slowly. As this is a divine law, it is not limited like human life; therefore, doubtless, both compensation and retribution, in many instances, become due and payable after the death of one or both the parties; but in a vast majority of instances the account is squared here, and in our present sight.

One very naturally, when deeply wronged, looks about for the means of revenge—of immediate retribution. It will be fortunate for such an one if such means be not found immediately at hand; or if he refuse anything that is small and inadequate. The delay gives time for the divine law to move forward. It is lifted afar off, it may be, like a tidal wave, without hands. It proceeds without visible motive power. The right it bears safely upon its crest; the wrong it overwhelms with ruin—then engulfs it.

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A Torpedo Boat at Sea

THE task of bringing our newly purchased torpedo boat Somers home from Europe, in the teeth of the early spring gales of the North Atlantic, is proving a hazardous undertaking, says the Boston Journal. The Somers, which was made in Germany, started recently from the English port of Weymouth for New York, convoyed by the small cruiser Diogenes, also a foreign-built craft and a recent acquisition to the United States naval service. Both vessels put into Portland, England, for refuge. They had encountered heavy weather. The little Somers was "almost buried" in the rolling seas, and the Diogenes, or Topeka, as she has been renamed, was handled so roughly that thirty of her men are said to have deserted.

The Somers sprang a leak, and, sooner than resume the voyage to New York in that cockleshell, it is said that every man Jack of her crew has left her. These were all merchant sailors hired in England to bring the vessels across; they did not belong to the United States service, and were not amenable to naval discipline. And, to tell the truth, these shirkers can be excused for some of their timidity. Never, at this tempestuous season of the year, have torpedo crafts, of the fragile type of the Somers, ever braved the fury of the North Atlantic. A few years ago the British Admiralty did try to send some boats over to Halifax, but it was in midsummer, and even then one of the little vessels went adrift, and was picked up by a Gloucester fisherman, who made a tidy sum of prize money out of the valuable derelict. The officers and men of the Somers will run more deadly risk in crossing the ocean than they would in a naval battle.

And yet the Navy Department cannot be blamed for ordering them to undertake this perilous service. The country needs torpedo boats. It must have them, regardless of danger and expense. If the Somers goes down at sea with her little company, the loss will be upon the heads of the men who, in Congress and the press, have been protesting for many years that we did not need a Navy—that a war fleet could be "extemporized"—that it was "senseless extravagance" to build ships in time of profound peace—that we ought to wait until the emergency was actually on us. On them lies all blame.

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Condemning American Fruits

THE action of the Government of Switzerland in prohibiting the importation of American fresh fruit, which action has been based on the alleged presence of the San Jose scale, may be invidious or merely attributable to excessive caution; but it finds a certain warrant in recent utterances of the Agricultural Department, detailing the wide prevalence of the pest in this country, says the Philadelphia Record. Our Government, therefore, is in no position to resent the action, despite the self-evident fact that if the complaint had substantial basis it would come, not from one or two countries, but from all to which our fruits are shipped. It has cost much time and labor to get a market for our fruits in Europe, and the market is worth saving. American fruits can be made as safe and as innoxious as any in the world. A demonstration of this fact at the coming International Exposition in this city next year, and especially at the Paris Exposition in 1900, would silence the hue and cry started by the agrarians of Germany, and would give a new impetus to a branch of our foreign commerce which ought to be susceptible of immeasurable growth.

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American Interests in the East

IF THE United States takes a notion to attend to matters in the far East, Germany, for one, will not be surprised. The Germans are assured that very soon this country will make a bold attempt to reap some of the rich harvest of trade in China. According to the Hamburger Nachrichten, Hamburg, the Germans must prepare to meet the new competitor by increased energy and a desire to please the customer. This paper says:

Until very recently, the United States regarded the Pacific Ocean as a kind of back door, and looked out chiefly upon the Atlantic. To-day it has been discovered that the general progress of the world demands greater attention to the development of Asia. It is well known that the far East is the most populous centre, the greatest storehouse of the world's wealth, the least developed field for trade, and that America is very near to it.

The power of production in the American industries has passed the point at which it was sufficient only to satisfy the home markets, and the American manufacturer must look abroad. American locomotives have begun to cross the plains of Russia and Argentina; American engineers work in European factories; American rails lie in the mountains of India. American woolens are as well made as those of other countries.

The export trade is necessary for the Americans to-day; they know it, and do their best to foster that trade. Meanwhile, the Chinese have been shaken out of their slumbers by Japan, railroads are being built, schools are organized, and the Chinaman begins to adopt some of the things which give strength to the despised West. Already voices are heard in the Union which demand that the Pacific become a sea on which the United States rule as paramount Power. The influence of the United States, so say the Americans, must be felt as strongly in the lands of the far East as in South America, and they realize that this must be accomplished very soon, ere the European Powers have become established.

Hence the United States has every reason to see to it that the trade with China remains open to the whole world, that no tariff for the exclusion of American goods is enacted, and that the interests of American citizens in China are carefully guarded by the authorities in Washington. Meanwhile England and Germany have the advantage through their older established relations with China. Europe may not care to worry itself about American competition, especially as it is well known how ready the Americans are to bluster. Yet we would like to warn the German merchants. They must not despise the new competitor, but must act with energy if they would continue successful in their battle for the markets of the far East.—Translated for the Literary Digest.

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America's Dignified Stand

NEVER have the moral advantages of treating international questions, on a high level, been more strikingly displayed than during the recent weeks, in which this country has addressed itself with such composure and dignity to the solution of the vexatious questions at issue between our Government and Spain, says The Outlook. Bluster and irritability would have lost us precisely that commanding moral position which restraint and moderation have gained for us. Every day adds to the solidity of our position on the Cuban question in the eyes of the world; and if the present spirit is manifested to the end, our moral position will be impregnable. It is this which has thwarted all attempts on the part of Spain to secure even moral support on the Continent. In the face of a temper so calm and just she has been powerless.

The feeling of fellowship in England, called out by the American attitude, has deepened and widened. Sir Charles Dilke, one of the greatest authorities on foreign affairs in Great Britain, has strongly expressed his sympathy with our attitude toward Cuba. Professor Bryce declares that he has always believed that "beneath the sometimes troubled surface there is a deep and strong current of sympathy for each other, as well as a sense of essential unity, in the two great and free English peoples on the opposite sides of the Atlantic." He utterly disclaims British designs of any kind regarding Hawaii, or sympathy with Spain. Nothing in our history has made a deeper impression on Europe than the moral power of the National determination to discover first the right thing to be done, and then to do it without a dissenting voice.

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What an Armistice Implies

AN ARMISTICE is one of the methods used by belligerents to soften the rigors of war, says the New York Evening Post. During a conflict there are, fortunately, pacific communications allowed. These opportunities for friendly intercourse not only allay the violence of war, but often lead to adjustments of differences. Without them wars would only be terminated by means of the total annihilation of the belligerents. An agreement entered into for a suspension of hostilities is called an armistice, when it is for a considerable length of time or extends to all places. Compacts between immediate commanders of opposing forces, for burial of the dead or other temporary purposes, are called "suspension of arms."

The State itself must authorize the one; the other can be concluded by military officers without any special authority. An armistice extending to all places, and for a very long or indefinite period, is in effect a temporary peace, though it differs from a peace in that it leaves entirely undecided the questions in which the war originated. The enemy is bound to see that the agent is specially authorized by the sovereign power of his State to make a contract of this character. If Spain enters into such a stipulation with the insurgents in Cuba, it will clearly be an admission by her that they have a Government competent to make treaties.

Writers on international law lay down certain rules which govern compacts of this sort. These may be briefly stated as allowing the parties to do within their own territories whatever they could do in time of peace, but to take no advantage of the truce to do those things which the continuance of hostilities might have prevented them from doing. Both the Cubans and the Spaniards could, for example, repair or build fortifications, levy and march troops, manufacture arms, collect provisions and ammunition, and move their armies from one part of their territory to the other. All things would have to remain in their old state in those places the possession of which was specially contested at the time when the armistice was concluded. If the armistice is for a definite period, hostilities could be resumed at its expiration without notice; otherwise, the party who terminates it is in justice bound to make a public declaration. If one of the parties should break its conditions, the other would have the right to resume hostilities at once without any declaration; but it may be stipulated that a penalty shall be exacted from the one who violates its terms, in which case this should be demanded before a return to war, and if it should be paid, the right to resume warfare would not be considered as having occurred.

The Song of the Sea

By Richard Burton

THE song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young;
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue:
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuller meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran;
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled; [drowned,
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold,
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song of its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgment day,
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

If the foolish surge of tears
Never sound within thine ears,
If the echo of my pain
Never beat within thy brain,
If no more the hours can bring
Sweetness in remembering,
If no sadness veil thine eyes,
Love counts naught as sacrifice,
Still lies comfort in the thought
That my shadow shrouds thee not.

What although my weakness shed
Burning drops upon my head?
What although apart I pray
For thee on thy sunlit way?
I shall plead with eyes tear-wet
That thy soul may soon forget,
Craving even to the end
No remembrance of thy friend.
Thus would peace remain for me,
Knowing sorrow spareth thee.
—Dumb in June (Copeland & Day).

Gold-Hunting in the Klondike

CHASING THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP OF FORTUNE

By T. C. Down

THERE is nothing which brings home to us more forcibly the enormous distance, and difficulty of access, to the Klondike goldfields than the inability to acquire accurate and exhaustive information respecting them. From time to time casual and disjointed accounts are brought out, and reach the ears of the public, and upon every one of them fifty questions will arise that they would like to have answered. It cannot be done.

The sole accepted authority upon whom reliance is placed, up to the present time, for information as to the goldfields is Mr. William Ogilvie, Dominion Land Surveyor, upon whose advice the Canadian Government appear to have acted throughout the past year, in the various steps they have taken as regards the control of affairs in the distant Territory. His knowledge of the Upper Yukon is more extensive than that of any other officer of the Canadian Government, since he has spent altogether four years in the gold country.

While there in the summer of 1896 he was actually recalled to Ottawa, but the official communication did not reach him until September 11, and, in the meantime, the great gold discoveries foretold by Dr. Dawson ten years before had been made. For various good reasons, Mr. Ogilvie fortunately came to the conclusion that it was better to remain, and make a survey of the Klondike, and so he is enabled to authenticate the enormous wealth of the region.

Numbers of miners, of course, have come out with more or less gold, and told their own tale, but it is not necessary to accept their statements as gospel truths. On the other hand, they may be reticent as to their treasure, as any man of caution would be likely to be; and, on the other, they may have very powerful motives for making the most of their story. The whole story of the Klondike, however, can stand on its own merits, and needs no embellishment.

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The great discovery was first announced to the outside world by Mr. Ogilvie in his report to the Minister from Fort Cudahy, on September 6, 1896, in these memorable words: "I am very much pleased to be able to inform you that a most important discovery of gold has been made on a creek called Bonanza Creek, an affluent of the river known here as the Klondike."

The man who first found gold on the Bonanza was a Californian called George Washington Cormack. A Prince Edward Islander named Henderson (with some others) had found gold on Gold Bottom Creek, which runs into the Klondike River from the south, some way up the stream. Provisions giving out, he went down to Forty-Mile, and on his way found George Washington Cormack salmon-fishing at the mouth of the Klondike, and, according to miners' etiquette, told him of the find. As the Klondike was thought to be too broken to ascend by boat, George found out the lay of the land from the natives, and with two Indians, all with packs on their backs, crossed the hills and struck Bonanza Creek, (also on the south of the Klondike), followed up the valley, turned to the right up El Dorado, went south again over the ridge between the latter and the Bonanza, and followed it round till it joined the divide between that and Indian River, which runs west into the Yukon.

He kept easterly along the divide until he got to the head of the Gold Bottom. There he found nothing to satisfy himself, so next day returned by way of the valley of the Bonanza, and spent three days prospecting. At last they struck a spot where it was rich, and in a few moments panned out twelve and three-fourth dollars' worth of gold, which was put into an empty cartridge-case. The date was August 16, 1896, but to Englishmen the distance made a difference of twelve months! Next day he located Discovery claim and No. 1 below for himself (a discoverer taking an extra one for a reward), No. 1 above for Skukum Jim, and No 2 below for Tagish Charley, the Indians, who belonged to the Tagish tribe.

After a bit he went down to Forty-Mile, a town on the Yukon, and told his tale, and nobody believed him!

Finally, a few started off in a boat up to the Klondike, to see for themselves, and that was the signal. The whole town disgorged itself, and the rest is mere detail.

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It was at the outset of this excitement that Captain Constantine, in command of the police who were sent to the Yukon in 1895, rose to the occasion, and made it possible for his troopers to secure claims, without at all interfering with their efficiency or their duties. Captain Constantine is a smart officer, whom I knew when he was Chief of Provincial police in Manitoba; he had roughed it with his men from the very first, and had long secured their affection and esteem. Matthew Gowler, a constable whose term had expired, returned to Winnipeg in the summer, and tells the tale of how, when the news reached the Fort, he was not anxious to go, but that the Captain insisted, saying that he wished "all the men to have a piece of any good thing there was."

Four of them started in a boat built by themselves, poling and towing up stream for three days before reaching the landing-point. Hundreds were on the rush, making what speed they could on foot through the heavy country, some of them without coat or hat or anything to eat, going into a perfect wilderness. For twenty-five miles these four then plunged through slush and mud or tore their way through the thick bushes, but at last they reached the spot, went up the creek past "Discovery," and staked their claims. Next day they turned back, and soon afterward Gowler sold half his claim. Ward, one of his comrades, let out one hundred and eighty feet of his claim, and netted $18,000. Jenkins, another policeman, had a partner who took out $15,000, and Frank Densmore, on Claim 26, above, got out of three days' wash-up $35,000.

The news reached Circle City on the Alaskan side of the line, and the place was cleared out. When the crowd arrived, they, of course, found every claim staked long before, and ructions took place. The late comers had to take the side streams, all of which were located and recorded, and afterward the hillsides were all staked out, and in July last some of these were turning out eight dollars to the pan.

The present regulations governing placer mining on the Yukon specify the various kinds of claims which may be staked.

The official telegram runs thus: "Yukon claims two hundred and fifty feet long. Royalty ten per cent. on output over $2,500 annually. Every alternate ten claims reserved for Crown. Annual free miner's certificate, ten dollars. Dredging, $100 per mile annually, extent not more than thirty miles. Only free miners can enter for claim or lease."

Besides the river claims which cross the valley bottoms, there are the "bench diggings," on the hillsides, which are one hundred feet square, and "bar diggings," which are strips of land along a river, covered by the water when the river is in flood, one hundred feet wide at high-water mark, and thence extending into the river to its lowest water-level. No miner can receive a grant of more than one claim in the same locality. There are already three districts —Klondike, Indian River and Stewart River, so that it will be seen that the name of Klondike, as applied to the goldfields in general, will very soon have to be dropped as misleading. The proper name would be the Upper Yukon.

These three rivers run into the Yukon from the east, the Stewart being the most southerly, with a length of some few hundred miles, and two hundred yards wide half a mile above its mouth. From the mouth of the Stewart to the mouth of the Klondike, which is only forty yards in width, is a distance of sixty-seven miles. Indian River is a small stream about midway between the two. These districts represent the region of greatest activity.

The miners have a jargon of their own in speaking of the value of claims. The meanest of all are contemptuously referred to as Chinese diggings, a term which will be recognized by all who know anything of Australian mining, where the Chinamen resort to abandoned claims, and are content to go through the old dirt which was thrown out by the miners, for the sake of what gold they can thereby scrape together.

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Then there is the "grub-stake," a claim which is only sufficient to afford a living for the miner; and, lastly, the "home-stake," from which he can get enough to take him home again. This, of course, is an elastic term, which varies according to the notions of the man as to what constitutes a fortune. Mr. Ogilvie says of the Klondike that there is no other region in the world of the same extent that has afforded in the same length of time so many "homestakes." There are over five hundred claims on Bonanza and El Dorado creeks and their affluents, and all of them are good.

All this wealth will be got out under very different conditions from those which prevailed in the old times on the Yukon, when the miner scratched the surface in the summer and spent the rest of the year loafing down at Juneau. Now he keeps at his Siberian toil the year through, except, perhaps, on days when the glass drops into the sixties below zero (Fahr.). Such intense cold is, of course, inconceivable to the old-country man, but the extreme number of degrees merely means that you would freeze to death much more quickly if you were exposed. The discomfort of fifty degrees or more below in still air is nothing like so bad as that of twenty degrees in a blizzard, only you cannot stand about, or the freezing process would set in.

The work of drifting, which is the miners' term for taking out the frozen gravel from the drift of *detritus*, after the shafts are sunk, is done in the winter, the gold itself being secured in the summer. In the autumn the miner has to go out on the hills and cut a supply of wood, both for his own use in his cabin and for working his claim. When the snow falls he hauls this on a sled, or, if he buys it, he has to pay eighteen dollars or more a cord for it. The country is covered with a thick growth of moss, under which is white ice, and the ground is frozen to an unknown depth.

Having cleared a space by removing the moss and ice and chopping away the decomposed rubbish, a hole is begun, where a fire is built in the evening. During the night the frost gives way to about twelve inches, and next day the thawed ground is thrown out and a fresh fire made. This is continued for perhaps twenty feet, until the so-called bed-rock is reached. In sinking the shaft, blue ice two or three feet thick is sometimes found, and whole trees lying in every position preserved just as they had fallen. Below the alluvial deposits a stratum of coarse gravel is found, which, if it pans gold, is the pay-streak, which varies in value.

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A miner writing from Dawson City on September 2 says: "Prospecting here consists of digging holes down near the stream to bed-rock and trying to hit the old channel of the creek. The pay-streak, if there is any, is always in the old channel, and by sinking holes you can find it by seeing which way the bed-rock slants, as the old channel ran where the bed-rock was lowest. Sometimes you strike it the first time, sometimes not in five, according to your luck and the width of the valley." It might be necessary to dig as many as twenty or thirty holes right across the valley. When the pay-streak is found, drifting commences.

A large fire is built with perhaps half a cord of wood, the heat of which spreads in a lateral direction, thawing six or eight inches of gravel, which is then shoveled into wooden boxes and hoisted to the surface by a windlass, where it is piled up and freezes solid again. The fire is then rebuilt, until a tunnel twenty or thirty feet long has been dug out and the next shaft is reached. Generally a couple of shafts are kept going by working and burning in each alternately, so that the pay dirt is being continuously taken out, and no time is lost.

It must be remembered that the whole of this is hard labor, involving considerable personal discomfort. The shoveling has to be done in a suffocating atmosphere of green wood smoke, which makes the eyes smart intensely, and affects the sight of some men to such an extent as to render them half blind. In the depth of winter what daylight there is does not last more than three hours; at two it begins to get dark and by four work is impossible.

When the water begins to run in April or May, drifting is put a stop to, since the water accumulates in the holes that have been sunk and puts out the fires. It is for this reason that prospecting and drifting cannot be carried on in summer, for even if the shafts are heavily timbered the ice will thaw and the shafts will finally cave in.

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Several weeks are then employed by the miner in preparing timber and cutting places for the erection of dams, cutting ditches for directing the water into the sluice-boxes, making the boxes themselves, and getting ready generally for sluicing the gravel which has been brought to the surface. Along the bottom of these boxes strips of wood called riffles, an inch or so high, are placed about an inch apart. Several of the boxes are then fitted together telescope fashion, and set up at a considerable slope. When the sun is powerful enough to thaw the pile of gravel, the latter is shoveled into the upper end of the sluice-box, and a stream of water projected against it, which sends the dirt and coarse gravel down to the lower end into a heap, which is called "tails." The gold and fine dirt settle between the riffles, and when the bars are choked they are taken out and the contents put into a box.

Panning is then resorted to so as to separate the gold from the gravel, and this is called "a clean-up."

Mr. Ogilvie states that in one instance an El Dorado clean-up yielded eighty pounds of gold, or $16,000, though the yield of the whole dump was only $110,000 dollars, which represented the labor of about half a dozen men for several weeks through the winter. The writer of the letter last quoted from says: "Some of the claim owners (on El Dorado) are taking out $25,000 a day, the gold being from the size of wheat up. In two days' work I have seen them clean up a milkpan full of gold." A milkpan is about eighteen inches across and five inches deep.

Most of the claims are worked on what is called a "lay," which means that an owner leases a portion of his ground to a few men to do the drifting, the men receiving a half of the gold, or, if it is a rich claim, forty per cent. In some cases sections are leased, and the bloated capitalist merely looks on.

The system of drifting and sluicing, which I have described, will explain why the first arrival of gold took place last July, it being the result of the clean-up from the previous winter. By next July we shall probably have heard far more startling news. Apart from these exceptionally rich creeks, the position at present is about as follows:

On the Klondike itself there are no claims. Its upper creeks are known to be rich, but they are not yet properly prospected. Dominion Creek, Quartz Creek, and Silver Creek, which run into Indian River, in the district south of the Klondike, are now known to be rich. On the other side of the Yukon, almost due west of the Klondike, and just within the boundary, Miller and Glacier Creeks, running into Sixty-Mile River from the north, are also rich in gold.

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From the last mail received I gather that gold has since been found on Eureka Creek and Sulphur Creek (and in Meadow Creek, which runs into it), both of them affluents of Indian River. A correspondent, writing on September 16, says of another find:

"Skukum Gulch is one of the richest claims in the country, not far from El Dorado, but is only supposed to be good at the mouth. They get nuggets by the pailful —in fact, it seems to be all nuggets. Lots of people have been prospecting all round it, but found nothing, till the other day a fellow struck it rich, right on top of a big hill near Skukum; they say he took out $200 the first day—just poked the nuggets out with a stick. Of course there was a stampede for hill claims right away."

And on the 24th: "I hear they have made another find on the hill near Skukum (just under the moss on top of the rocks) of more nuggets." And, speaking generally, he says: "Every creek within one hundred miles around here, where there is supposed to be a little gold, is all staked off."

But there is no need for anybody to be discouraged. The gold zone extends north-westerly, from the Cassiar district in British Columbia, along the numerous tributaries of the Yukon, as far as the Klondike, as well as into the country on the west of the main river, an extent of land five hundred miles by one hundred at least. There is plenty of room in Yukon Territory for those who have the courage and enough physical endurance to go there and try their luck.—Cornhill.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

Captain Evans, the New Commander of the Iowa

Capt. Robley D. Evans, who recently took command of the warship Iowa, vice Captain Sampson, has no rival for popularity in Washington official circles. He has seen no actual fighting since the Civil War, in which he was hit three or four times with flying missiles. Evans was in command of the Yorktown during the late trouble with Chile, and he wanted to blow Valparaiso off the earth because of the insults put upon America by the citizens of that town. But the Navy Department refused, and Evans was commended for the admirable self-restraint he exercised. Evans is generally known as "Fighting Bob" Evans, a pseudonym which he earned during his service with Uncle Sam in the sixties, and other marks of war on his person. Evans belongs to a Virginia family, and when the South seceded, his mother, without his consent, sent his resignation to Washington. The young officer, however, persuaded the Department to abrogate it, and promptly rejoined the service. He has been in the Navy thirty-eight years, and is one of the most dashing and daring officers in the service.

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Walter Damrosch Lays Down the Baton

The announcement that Walter Damrosch will shortly retire, as operatic and orchestral conductor, calls public attention to the work of one who has been eminently successful in his line. Walter Johannes Damrosch was born in Breslau, Prussia, in 1862. He received his musical education chiefly from his father. During the great musical festival given by Doctor Damrosch in 1881, his son first acted as conductor in drilling several sections of the large chorus. When only nineteen years of age he was elected director of the Harmonia Society, of Newark, New Jersey. Under him a series of concerts were given in which such works as Rubinstein's Tower of Babel, Berlioz's Damnation of Faust, and Verdi's Requiem were performed.

At his father's death he became conductor of the Symphony and Oratorio Societies of New York. One of his principal achievements was the successful performance of Parsifal, perhaps the most difficult of Wagner's operas, for the first time in the United States, March, 1886. During his visit to Europe, in the summer of 1886, he was invited by the Deutsche Tonkünstler-Verein, of which Dr. Franz Liszt was President, to conduct some of his father's best compositions at Sonderschausen, Thuringa. Walter Damrosch will not go abroad to live, but will remain here, and will give his attention to the completion of two works which he has in preparation. He is desirous of accomplishing success in the field of musical composition, and will devote himself to this branch of his art in the future.

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Mattie McClellan Brown, Founder of the W. C. T. U.

The idea that the late Miss Willard was the actual founder of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a mistaken one, which grew out of her devotion to and long service in the work. The honor belongs to Mrs. Mattie McClellan Brown, of Cincinnati. She was born in Baltimore, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is the wife of Rev. W. K. Brown, D. D., and is the mother of six children, all vigorous, active, intelligent workers in educational, literary, Christian and social engagements. These are her trophies of love and life; all else is contingent and gratuitous for humanity. Graduated from a Pennsylvania college, her scholarship and powers were recognized by two unusual literary degrees from Pennsylvania colleges in 1882—Ph. D. and LL. D., she being the second woman who was honored with the latter title, Doctor Mitchell, of Vassar, being the first.

She was introduced to the public as a lecturer on National topics in Music Hall, Philadelphia, in 1864. She delivered two lectures, which she was asked to repeat. This brought in many calls, and her lectureship was inaugurated. Her platform work for temperance was unique for six or seven years, being the only woman on the public platform in Ohio, and being called abroad and in extensive council. From 1868 to 1876 she was editor of a weekly political paper at Alliance, Ohio, and everywhere, by her presence, her speeches, her conversation and her pen, she held woman's equal position in professional and business life essentially natural, as it is in her home life.

In the spring of 1869 Mrs. Brown agreed to go into the organization of the Prohibition party movement, on the condition that it should stand for woman's full suffrage. She held her equal position in every respect, speaking, writing, presiding, serving as secretary in great conventions, in everything promoting that party until 1897, at Pittsburg, when the party adopted the single plank and Mrs. Brown stepped out of the organization.

Without in the least disparaging men, she is a devoted lover of women and their work, a very ready platform talker on all current questions, a charming lecturer on art, literary topics and travels, and a philosophic thinker and pleasing writer—in fact, a noble, cultured, classical, all-round woman.

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The Poet Carducci in Italian Politics

The poet Carducci is at the present moment a figure of more than usual importance in Italian affairs, says The Sketch. Not only has he been one of the leaders of the Italian pro-Zolaist movement, but he is to deliver the chief oration at the Bologna celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of Savonarola's death. These things being so, the following authentic information, derived from Italian resources, should be of interest. Carducci was born at Valdicastello, in Tuscany, July 27, 1836, and first became famous through the publication of his Inno a Satana (Hymn to Satan), which is unquestionably the best of his poems. He is not only a poet and an artist, but also a critic of the New School, termed La Scuola Storica. And he is Professor of Italian Literature at the University of Bologna. It is said that Queen Margherita knows his poems by heart, and she is certainly one of his warmest admirers.

Carducci's poetry is of a quite peculiar character, not easy to be defined; there is something Dantesque in its firmness and energy of thought, and its conciseness and occasional obscurity of form. His greatest merit is to have "remounted" to the old sources of poetry the classics. The scholar, the admirer of Virgil and Horace, can always be traced in Carducci's poems, and from his ancient models he took also that color of spirit of Paganism and indulgent scepticism which caused him to write the Hymn to Satan. He has been idolized, and perhaps admired to excess, by the disciples of his school. But this, at any rate, is to be commended without reservation in him, the perfect combination he presents of the poet with the enthusiastic scholar.

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Sir Charles Dilke Favors the United States

Sir Charles Dilke is the latest and most prominent Englishman to come out in the open and proclaim the belief that the United States would win easily in case of war with Spain. Sir Charles thinks that if America and Spain were at war, Japan would seize the Philippines. There are few Englishmen who have been in the eye of the world more prominently than Sir Charles.

He is a politician, a statesman, an editor, an author, a traveler, a man of affairs. In 1866 he was traveling alone in the United States. At St. Louis he met the distinguished English author, editor and traveler, Hepworth Dixon, and the two countrymen crossed the plains together and visited the cities and the country of the Mormons. Dixon returned home, but Sir Charles made a tour of the world and saw something of India. When he arrived in England he plunged into politics, and as a Liberal and a friend of Gladstone he made a great name for himself. He has been a cabinet officer, a member of Parliament, and a writer of note for years. Sir Charles is a Baronet, and his father and grandfather were famous men.

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Sir Henry Bessemer, the World's Benefactor

One of the world's greatest benefactors has passed away in the recent death of Sir Henry Bessemer, says the Atlanta Constitution. To the genius of this Illustrious Briton, indeed, the world is indebted for the process of converting pig-iron into steel; and, when the impetus which this invention has imparted to the world's industrial progress is considered, it becomes apparent that the niche of honor which both hemispheres have readily assigned to him is not superior to the merit of his great achievement.

Sir Henry Bessemer first announced his invention to the world in 1856, and the circumstances leading up to it are not without some interest in this connection. He started out, it seems, in the modest occupation of refining cast-iron for the purpose of manufacturing improved guns, and, while thus employed, he conceived the idea of expelling the carbon from the cast-iron by means of forcing air through the molten mass. Eighteen months were spent in the laborious task of testing the feasibility of this idea, and, finally, the health of the inventor broke down completely under the burden of his arduous work. But he did not give up in despair, for when his health returned to him at length, he applied himself with increased zeal to the perfection of his process, and success eventually came.

After duly obtaining a patent for his process, Sir Henry Bessemer sold the right of using it to several ironmasters, but for some reason they could not make it work successfully in the production of pure steel, and they immediately preferred charges of imposture and humbuggery against him. In order to prove the good faith in which he had disposed of the use of his patent, he bought it back from the dissatisfied ironmasters, and after making some minor changes in it, embarked in the manufacture of steel on his own account.

He set up his establishment in the heart of Sheffield, and soon demonstrated to his incredulous enemies the feasibility of his process. The result of it was that the manufacture of steel throughout the whole world was almost instantly revolutionized. Immense wealth poured into the coffers of the illustrious inventor, and in the course of time the badge of knighthood was bestowed upon him. Under this process the cost of producing steel was not only considerably reduced, but at the same time its quality was greatly improved. From that time forward the building of railroads commenced with renewed impetus, and almost every phase of the world's industrial life manifested fresh signs of vitality. Such, in brief, is the story of this invention which has been of such surpassing benefit to mankind generally.

But the manufacture of steel, according to this new process, is not the only achievement with which the name of Sir Henry Bessemer is associated. Up to 1851 he had patented several useful inventions, all of which he exhibited at the great international exposition of that year. Among these inventions were his centrifugal pump, his plate glass polisher and his sugar separator.

Although the day of his usefulness had passed ere the final summons came to the aged inventor, weighted down with the burden of more than fourscore years, the world nevertheless feels conscious of a great loss in the death of Sir Henry Bessemer.

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King Christian IX, Denmark's Aged King

King Christian IX, who before ascending the throne of Denmark was known as Prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Gluecksburg and Augustenburg, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He succeeded Frederick VII in 1863 in conformity with the treaty of London of 1852, by which succession to the Danish crown had been settled upon him and his descendants by his wife (Louise of Hesse-Cassel), a niece of the late King Christian VIII of Denmark. It was under the reign of the present King that Schleswig and Holstein, two German provinces of Denmark, were retaken by Prussia, with the aid of Austria, in the war of 1864, and merged into the Prussian dominions. The aged King Christian and his wife have achieved fame on account of the marriages made by their daughters, Dagmar and Alexandra, one the Czarina of Russia and the other the Princess of Wales.

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Professor Keeler, the New Director at Lick Observatory

Prof. James E. Keeler, the present Director at Lick Observatory, who succeeds Prof. E. S. Holden, was born in La Salle, Illinois, and, while he was yet a lad, he experimented a good deal in chemistry, electricity and steam engineering, says the New York Tribune. After his parents had removed to Florida the boy made a theodolite and other surveying instruments, thus aquiring his first familiarity with telescopes. The first two or three glasses that he owned he made himself, first purchasing the lenses. And he has been heard to remark that no observations which he made, later in life, gave him such delight as his first glimpse of Saturn through his two-and-a-half-inch telescope and its cedar tube.

While in Johns Hopkins University (1877-1881) his tastes and ambitions were stimulated in a variety of ways. He took part in the solar eclipse expedition which went to Colorado, in 1878, under the direction of Professor Holden. In the spring of 1881 Professor Langley (whom Mr. Keeler afterward succeeded as director of the Allegheny Observatory) gave a series of lectures at Johns Hopkins, and at that time he had the assistance of the young enthusiast, in whom, no doubt, he even then recognized a kindred spirit. Later in the season, even before his formal graduation, Mr. Keeler was enlisted, by Professor Langley, in the famous Mount Whitney (California) expedition formed for the study of solar physics.

The next year or two were spent abroad, working with Quincke, in Heidelberg, and Von Helmholtz, in Berlin. Returning from Germany, he was occupied in various researches under Professor Langley until he was appointed astronomical assistant to the Lick trustees in April, 1886. In June, 1888, when the observatory was transferred to the State, he became an astronomer to the Lick Observatory, with spectroscopy as his special department. He also had charge of the time service, afterward with the aid of an assistant. With the 36-inch telescope, and a spectroscope which Brashear made from Professor Keeler's drawings, he measured the spectra of stars and planets, and discovered and measured the motions of the nebulæ. This last may be his best work on Mount Hamilton.

The directorship of the Allegheny Observatory was offered to him in 1889, when Professor Langley went to Washington as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The post was accepted, and shortly afterward Professor Keeler was married. At Allegheny his work has been almost exclusively in the line of stellar spectroscopy. He has succeeded in getting many excellent photographs in that part of the spectrum where the rays have less actinic value than in the violet region. However, the smoky air of Pittsburg and its great suburb is not especially favorable to undertakings of this kind. With the better atmosphere and instruments on Mount Hamilton, much more satisfactory results can, of course, be secured. Professor Keeler's determination with the spectroscope of the fact that Saturn's ring is composed of very small, detached particles (undoubtedly meteoric), and his investigations of the relations between the spectra of the nebulæ and stars in Orion have been some of the principal features of his most recent work.

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Prince Luigi, the Latest Announced Arctic Explorer

Prince Luigi, of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, who is to search for the North Pole, is an interesting young man, says the New York Sun. With plenty of money at his disposal, good looks, and a social position which oftener leads to a life of idleness if not of dissipation, he chooses to strike out for himself in a field where neither wealth nor rank will avail him, and where he will stake his life on his own physical and mental powers. He has made up his mind to try to win for Italy, if possible, a new geographical glory. The expedition he is preparing will be fitted out for a three-years' stay in the Arctic regions, and will have a money backing such as no private exploring party to the Pole has yet possessed.

The expenses will be defrayed entirely by the Italian Royal family, the Prince himself contributing his whole income for the three years, while his uncle, King Humbert, and his elder brother, the Duke of Aosta, are said to have promised each $100,000.

The present intention of Prince Luigi is to make the attempt from the European side, taking Franz Josef Land as a base of operations. He is now in Norway seeking information, in person, from Dr. Nansen and his companions on the Fram, and will look over the ground in a trip to Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land this summer. Beyond the fact that he will be accompanied by Lieutenant Cagni, his aide-de-camp, who ascended Mount St. Elias with the Prince last summer, and by Prof. Guido Cora of the University of Turin, nothing definite is known of the Prince's plans, though European newspapers make the guess that he will try to reach his goal by dragging sledges and boats over the ice, and state that he will take twenty Italians and a number of Esquimaux with him. They do not explain, however, how he proposes to overcome the southward drift of the pack-ice that checked both Peary and Nansen. The thorough, practical and quiet manner in which Prince Luigi planned and carried out successfully his ascent of Mount St. Elias, is a guarantee that the difficulties in his new undertaking will all be thought out, and that the Italian expedition will be guided by scientific knowledge and by the experience of previous explorers.

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Did Li Hung Chang Dupe England?

The Chinese mission to St. Petersburg, which was ostensibly charged with the duty of persuading Russia to surrender her claims upon Talien-wan and Port Arthur, has, of course, failed. We have reason to believe that it was never intended to succeed, says The Speaker. It is almost beyond serious question that Li Hung Chang, when representing the Emperor of China at the coronation of the Czar, made a secret treaty ceding those ports to Russia. Li Hung Chang at the time was a discredited man in China, and his sole hope of regaining power was by means of Russian influence. Russian diplomacy was fully equal to the occasion, and, instead of the Ambassador who was considered suitable to represent China at the funeral of the late Czar, Russia insisted upon the dispatch of Li Hung Chang.

This request was duly complied with, and Li was received with the highest honors at Moscow. It was in the Russian interests to play this little game. Had the Chinese Ambassador arrived in Moscow at any less decisive period he would not have been accorded more than the usual honors; but the splendid reception given to Li at that time materially served to rehabilitate him in his former position of power at Peking. The Russians thus bound him hand and foot, and when, as we have reason to believe, Li signed the secret treaty at Moscow at the instance of Prince Lobanoff, to save his own prestige he was afterward bound to secure the performance of the treaty with his colleagues of the Tsung-li-Yamen. This could not have been an unpleasing task, for he entertains few friendly feelings toward England. Li has had his way; by Russian influence he has, perhaps, regained much of his authority, and has deliberately enabled Russia to establish a Gibraltar in the far East.

In the Wilds of Two Continents

GRAPHIC PICTURES OF DESERT AND PRAIRIE

The Dread Desert of Cocopah

THE LONELIEST PLACE IN AMERICA

THRILLING and horrible is the story of two prospectors just arrived in California from the Cocopah desert in Lower California, says a writer in the St Louis Post Dispatch. Their narrative is suggestive, in its remarkable adventures, of the stories told by Sindbad the Sailor. As a starting point for a desert trip, Old Campo, a village in Southern California near the Mexican boundary and about sixty miles back from the coast line. Twenty miles south of that, as an initial point, run a line one hundred miles southeast until it touches the Gulf coast line. Between that line and the Gulf lies the famous Cocopah Desert, with its range of mountains.

A territory one hundred miles square, but as little known as the interior of Africa. An innocent looking little spot on the map, but on the surface of what it represents it is bleaching the bones of many men both white and red. You will note that it is not marked with the zigzag lines which generally denote water courses, nor is it marked with the shaded lines representing mountains. Why? Simply because as yet there has been found no corps of engineers with sufficient hardihood to attempt its survey. There are maps of the region, but they are scared on the brains of half a dozen prospectors.

Standing on the line you have drawn, and looking eastward, you may see the outline of a range of low mountains, distant, with water, forty, possibly sixty miles. Without water, eternity intervenes between you and that range of hills darker purple through the simmering heat. That stretch of forty or sixty miles in the worst part of the Cocopah Desert. A wide stretch of arid, stony sandy plain, lying far below the level of the sea, and absolutely devoid of vegetation and life in any form. Too hot and dry is it for even the lizard and horned toad. The heat radiates from the sand and rocks with scorching effect, blistering the skin.

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Sixty miles is not a great distance, you say, and ought to be covered in less than twenty four hours. Other good men have thought the same and tried it. Their bones scattered about on the sand afford proof of their error. Every year, for nearly half a century, that desert has claimed its victims singly and in groups. Yearly since the Argonauts drifted south from the goldfields in the centre of California, men have started for the Cocopahs and never returned. Once having reached the mountains you are not saved from death or thirst. There are but two or three places in all that range where water fit to drink may be found.

At the foot of the mountains on the west, is a large lake, known as Laguna Salada. It is probably eight miles in length, and from one to two miles in width, lying parallel with the range. The water is very salty, and has tides like the ocean's. Its shores are fringed with a marine vegetation, and it is evident that the lake is fed from the Gulf of California but the gulf is more than sixty miles away, and a range of mountains intervenes. What lures men to that locality and tempts them to cross those burning sands? Gold. Of the hundreds that have tried to reach these mountains, that Eldorado of "mucho oro," there are but a pitiful few that have ever returned. Among the latter are Alonzo Baker and Henry Daniels, two old time miners. Four years ago they outfitted" at the little village of Campo and started for the Cocopah country.

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Two years later, thin and hollow-eyed, they drifted into the little Mexican town of Ensenada, some sixty miles down the coast. Their belts were full of gold, however, and after resting they refitted and disappeared. From that time nothing was heard of them until the other day they arrived in Los Angeles, California. When they started for the desert, in addition to the usual supply of provisions and necessary prospecting tools they had made four canteens of zinc, each of six gallons capacity, and so constructed as to fit the backs of the burros. On the back of each burro was also a five gallon keg. Their way led them south from Campo to Tajo, some thirty miles south of the Mexican line. From there they went down the Cañon de la Palmas, and nine miles brought them to the edge of the desert. In this cañon they have found many fine date palms, probably mementos of the mission fathers.

There is generally a good supply of water in the cañon, and there the two men camped for several days while resting their mules and, with their field glasses, fixing on some objective point in the distant mountains by which to shape their course. They finally decided to steer straight for what appeared a low pass in the Cocopah range, and one that could not be mistaken. One night the canteens and kegs were filled at the spring two and a half miles up the cañon, and the next morning they started on their journey through that veritable valley of death.

Their course was south southwest toward that low pass, and they diverged neither to the right nor the left. They had hoped to make the pass, by traveling constantly, in twenty four hours, but here their experience failed them. The heat was worse than that of the Sahara, and the dryness of the atmosphere something of which they had not dreamed. They soon found that they could not engage in conversation without their throats and tongues becoming inflamed, and they went along in silence. The hot air seemed to shrivel their very lungs. Their canteens were constantly drawn upon, and by the time the mountains were reached those one hundred and ninety two quarts of water had disappeared, though it had been used sparingly. Suddenly the old burro stumbling along in front paused, threw up his head, the long ears went forward and his nostrils worked convulsively. The beast was built for a purpose. Then he went forward at a pace that hurried his more heavily loaded companions to maintain.

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He had scented water. The first visible sign to the men was a spot of damp sand under the edge of a bowlder in the bottom of the cañon. A short distance further up a little stream trickled over the rocks, and not far above was a spring. The supply of water disappeared, however, some months after during an earthquake. The nearest water found three leagues north, the same earthquake having opened another spring. The ever present heat was too intense for them to carry on their operations except in the early morning or late in the afternoon, but they managed to get an ounce of gold a day. The nights were but little cooler than the days, and, after the men had spent the usual two hours after sundown in the placers they would stretch out naked on the sand and could not bear the weight of sleep. Mosquitoes and other pests did not bother them, the heat being too great, seemingly, for them to bear. One night when the two men were asleep and deadly silence prevailed in the cañon, Baker was awakened by what he thought was shouting.

He awakened Daniels, and they strained their ears to catch the sound. In a moment or two a faint hallo came down the night from far up the cañon. Seizing his rifle Baker started up the gulch. After he had stumbled over the rocks for a mile more, he came upon an old Cocopah Indian nearly dead from thirst. They carried the old man in. The sight of water threw him into frenzy, but they held him back, allowing him only a small quantity at a time. Some weeks later a party of Indians numbering seventy five arrived from Colorado, on their way to the mountains on the west, to gather pinenuts. They demanded a portion of the miners' flour, but the demand was refused. This greatly angered the Indians, who withdrew a short distance down the cañon to hold a pow wow. The miners scented trouble. While the pow wow was in progress, Baker and Daniels each secured his repeating rifle and began "edging away" towards some large bowlders near the camp.

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They had hardly started, however, when a few of the younger bucks opened fire on them with their arrows. The first few flights were successfully dodged, but soon they came thick and fast, making it impossible to dodge all of them. Baker suffered a wound in his left hand and Daniels caught an arrow in his thigh before they gained the rocks. Throwing themselves on their stomachs behind the bowlders, they held themselves in readiness for the expected whoops and rush. Some of the bucks had knives. Drawing these, they laid aside their bows and quivers, and with others, armed with clubs, probably two dozen in all, comprising the younger members of the party, drew out from the pow wow and formed for a rush. Throwing their arms above their heads and waving their weapons, a half dozen of the bucks leaped into the air and started for the rocks. The Indians had not taken three leaps until there was a short, sharp command from an old man and they stopped instantly. The command was probably from the old Indian whose life they had saved.

Baker and Daniels had been in camp about two months during the summer, when a Los Angeles attorney named Singleton came into their camp from the north. He had been prospecting with a partner, but some disagreement had arisen, and he had struck out alone with a pick and a small canteen of water. When he arrived his canteen was empty and he was in serious straits for food. He finally decided to strike out for Los Angeles. One week after Singleton had left camp, Baker started for Campo, one hundred and twenty miles away, to get supplies.

In Cañon de la Palmas he found the body of Singleton. The victim's hair, which was black when he left the miners, was now almost snow white. Baker scooped a grave in the sand and continued on to Campo where he disclosed the fate of the lawyer. But this tells little of the doings of the prospectors, which continued for months, over the strange new fields that men had never trod before. While prospecting in the coast range of the gulf beyond the desert, they found in the Canon de los Muertos (Cañon of the Dead) a mound of tailings in which were two human skulls evidently those of white men. As there were no bones to be found, the prospectors concluded that had happened on the scene of a massacre of years ago. On the return of the prospectors to Los Angeles they almost perished in a sandstorm encountered in the Sierra range, which continued for seven days without intermission, almost burying them and their animals in its hot hail.

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At Our Kangaroo Hunt

STIRRING SPORT FOUND IN AUSTRALIA

MR R VON LENDENFELD who has been traveling in Australia has recently given an account of his Australian travels of the novel sport of kangaroo driving, which brings both diversion and profit to many farmers on that continent, says the New York Sun. The Government of New South Wales pays a bounty of one dollar for every "great" kangaroo killed. The purpose is if not to exterminate them, at least to drive them into the wilderness, away from the ranges where the millions of sheep graze, for the enormous quantities of grass the kangaroo eat is needed for the sheep, especially in dry seasons when there is scant fodder for the flocks. So the Government pays a bounty, and as the kangaroo hide is valuable, it pays to take part in kangaroo drives.

The result of this warfare is that the animal has entirely disappeared from the well settled districts and is numerous only farther inland. The kangaroo likes flat or slightly hilly lands; is not found among the mountains, and it is among the undulating, thickly wooded districts of New South Wales that the kangaroo drive is most successful. Mr Von Lendenfeld says that the kangaroo we see in menageries is only a caricature of the animal as he exists in the freedom of his native forests.

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The drive is a great round up in which many men take part, and from forty to two hundred animals are killed. Here is the writer's description of the most intensely interesting drive in which he participated.

There were fifty six mounted hunters, and on the morning of the hunt we were stationed at intervals on the circumference of a circle whose diameter was about twenty miles. We were all to move toward Johns Fall, a flat, treeless valley in the centre of this circle, in the middle of which is a lake surrounded by bushes. We were to drive the kangaroos toward this centre, which was about ten miles distant from the starting point of all the hunters, and we were to be gathered around the valley at 4 P M. There were two men and a guide with me, and all the parties had dogs to help them drive the kangaroos forward.

Our parts advanced for about two hours, when we discovered some kangaroos on a hill. The animals stood erect like human beings on their hind legs. They often bent their heads to the ground, resting on their little forelegs, and then lifted their heads with mouths full of grass so as to chew it more comfortably. As soon as the guide saw the kangaroos he gave a call which the dogs understood, and they came instantly and remained with us. The call did not attract the attention of the kangaroos, and they continued to eat grass. My guide rode back with the dogs to get around the kangaroos and chase them forward. They did not have the least suspicion of our presence, but played, rubbed one another's backs, and kept on feeding. Suddenly the wild dogs, or dingoes, in the neighborhood set up a howl which sent the game scampering in the direction we wished them to go.

By dinner time we came to a pool of water only four or five miles from the rendezvous, and here we took a rest for an hour and a half. The horses were unsaddled and we prepared tea and dined. While lying in the shade enjoying our rest we suddenly saw some kangaroos running toward us from the direction of Johns Fall. They were scared, and evidently running away from some other hunters. We sprang to our feet, shouted and waved our hats in order to frighten the animals back, but they paid no attention to us, came on like the wind, and it was evident that many of them would escape past us. They leaped through the air, and no sooner had they come to the ground with a thud than their powerful hind legs gave them another mighty propulsion forward, their heavy tails helping them to steer clear of the trees and other obstructions.

"They are too knowing for us," said one of the men, "but I think we'll stop a couple of them," and with these words a shot rang out and one of the kangaroos fell, an old male, and the leader of the herd. My comrades had repeating guns and began firing on the fleeing animals which, however, kept on. But it was hard work. The dogs followed the animals that were wounded. One of us followed the dogs in order to scalp the dead kangaroos and come back after a while with five scalps, for scalps and ears must be delivered to the Government in order to get the reward. We had not time to get the holes, and we could hardly hope to secure them later, for the carcasses were certainly devoured by wild dogs.

At 3 P M we continued our ride, occasionally hearing in the distance single shots or rapid firing from repeating guns. The kangaroos were getting more numerous, coming right from the battue and trying to break past us. Some of them were chased back, but many got away. Perhaps they had learned from such hunts to know how to avoid the danger. I would not advise them to the round up.

We fired frequently, and got in all, seventeen scalps during our advance. In this particular we were luckier than other parties, for most of the kangaroos that tried to escape ran toward us.

About 3 P M we came in sight of the thicket, which was the principal point of the round up, and fell in with another party coming from the left. We now numbered six, and we ranged in line with about three hundred feet space between the men and rode on. The shooting all around the narrowing circle was growing fast and furious. I gave my horse to a guide who took it away, and continued my journey on foot, for I could not shoot very well on horseback. Some others also walked the last part of the way, but many remained in the saddle and fired from that post on. The kangaroos ran singly, for the most part, and with such speed through the thick copse that it was hard to hit them, especially as the men had to be careful not to shoot the hunters.

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We regulated our march so that we arrived at the rendezvous at 4 P M. sharp. Here we suddenly obtained an open view. Before us lay a space about three fifths of a mile wide, oval and treeless, and at the lower part of it there was a small lake bordered by a thicket. Everywhere clouds of smoke rose in the bordering woods. Shots cracked continually. In the middle of the space were numerous kangaroos, and scattered among them were the dead. The wounded animals had held back to the thicket. As we reached the border of the forest some of the animals tried again to break through, but not one succeeded, we had a good position now, and each kangaroo that approached the line was dropped by a bullet. In the excitement everybody was shooting at every animal he saw and from every distance. The bullets whistled by and stuck in the trees. The waste of ammunition was extraordinary. The dogs were kept outside the circle.

Then there was a lull for a half hour until all the men had taken their positions. The leader of the hunt rode along the line and made some changes in order to fill up gaps between the shooters. Upon hearing a trumpet signal the whole band moved toward the thicket. The order was perfect. There was a distance of some three hundred feet between the shooters, which diminished continually. The kangaroos which had been wounded were finished as we advanced. When within about seven hundred feet of the thicket the distance between the hunters was reduced to from seventy to ninety feet.

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There we made a halt. All sat down and about one hundred dogs were sent into the thicket. The loud barking of the dogs and the cracking of the branches broken by the fleeing kangaroos drowned the shouts of the hunters. The kangaroos came from all directions, looking in vain for an open space in the shooting line, and then disappeared again in the thicket. No one fired. This however did not last long. The kangaroos, followed eagerly by the dogs, had to leave their shelter, broke from all sides of the thicket, and precipitated themselves with frantic haste upon the shooting line. Then began the cracking of rifles again, and soon the firing was general along the whole line. Some of the kangaroos succeeded in breaking through, but most remained there. I fired sixteen times in five minutes. The shooting was diminishing, and then there were pauses between volleys, while some of the men went into the thicket to kill the wounded animals and drag out the dead. We shot a few more, but the hunt was at an end.

On the plain, which was the scene of the last act of this interesting hunt, bonfires were kindled, around which groups of bearded hunters were seated. Kangaroo tail soup was boiling in great kettles, and glasses were frequently emptied. Songs broke the stillness of the night, while the howling of the dingoes that were feasting on the carcasses was heard in the distance. Finally everything was still, one after another stretched himself on the ground, and the clear, starry sky was the only cover of the tired sleepers.

The following morning search was made for the dead animals. One hundred and sixty six scalps were brought in, which gave some three kangaroos to each of the fifty six hunters. As many of the hunters refused to accept the reward, the others made quite a handsome sum from the scalp bounty and the hides; but we all enjoyed the hunt.

American Girls in Germany

HOW OUR WOMEN COMMAND RESPECT

By the Countess von Krockow

IT IS a curious fact that each nation holds its women to be more chaste than those of other countries, let Hamerton explain it as he may, says the writer in the Independent. Very few things surprise a foreigner more than discovering that natives are "actually so purblind as to fancy the palm of excellence belongs to their utterly inferior female creatures." Often have I smiled over the droll antagonisms which I have witnessed on this point, without, however, having relinquished a whit of my own favorite foible of a conviction that no girls are like Yankee girls, no women like American women, no men like American men. In Yankee girls I fondly persist in seeing mettle [illegible] women activity; in American men, clean energy; in all three, comprehension of one another.

My ideal, in short, is a picture of health and life in harmonious working. For a dark contrast to its brightness, I look at the [illegible], at the European woman, and perceive concession, at the European man, and detect oppression, an unnecessary and undue hemming, in other words, of the natural, human, individual activities. Nor has this conviction ever been shaken by the many protestations which I have heard against it by German ladies, who invariably assure others and themselves that their men do, really, highly esteem all women.

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"You must have lived in both countries, my dear," is my usual reply, "in order to realize the romanticism of American men, as compared with the chivalry of your gentlemen. Your men respect ladies. Ours idealize women."

"All the more foolish!" comes the response, "for women do not deserve any better treatment than they get. They spoil our men." And with the latter remark, quite without realizing the fact, they lay bare the gulf between European and American ways of thinking.

In the one country there is, namely, no spirit of community on the ground of sex. Social traditions and the cultivation of the sense of rank prevent its growth. The marks of appreciation which a lady demands are demanded on the ground of her position chiefly. She neither extends the privilege of demanding these marks to women of lower rank, nor does she expect so many marks herself if she remains unmarried, or if, by any chance, her family loses caste.

The girls and women of the poorer classes are not felt to be nearer to her than the men of these same classes. In fact, many ladies can look upon a handsome mechanic with a sentiment of indulgence, whereas, the beauty of a young girl of the same class becomes the object of censorious remark.

[illegible] here appears to be a good deal more of the [illegible]regs of unrefined sensuality in Europeans, in other words, than in Americans. The last persons to realize the fact, quite naturally, are these same ladies, who would be indignant, one and all, at the plain interpretation which may be put upon their antagonism to pretty girls of meaner station. Nevertheless, the antagonism classifies itself to the thinker as an unrefinement, and in America it has begun to be replaced by an evolved sense of altruism. Women there take part much more generally with girls than against them. [illegible] in Germany [illegible] birth, it may be described as one of perfectly insouciant pursuit. Every woman, not of their own class or of a higher rank, is legitimate prey in their eyes, about which they need give themselves no manner of trouble, hence then arises a habit of rudeness to females which is worse than any insolence that they dare affect nowadays toward the men of the same class, for the reason, perhaps, that the men have ready fists, while a girl is weak.

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But to give an example or two from my long repertory of incidents: A young Boston girl, on a winter's day, walked out alone for a constitutional. It was in a provincial German town, and her path soon took her into a neat, suburban quarter. Here the sidewalks soon ceased to be free of the snow which was still falling. Only a single narrow trail of down trodden snow led from one villa to another along the wide, long street, and in this trail she met an officer, a Lieutenant. As she took his stepping aside for granted, she continued to advance. But the smartly dressed gentleman made no movement whatever to get out of the way. Instead of that he faced her with an air of command then cried out impatiently: "Off! What are you keeping me waiting for?"

The American uncle of the girl who told me this anecdote, concluded by exclaiming with intense curiosity: "How can such a thing be explained?" "Very simply," I [illegible] escort, [illegible] took her for a girl of the citizen class and had no respect for her."

And how right I was seemed proved by the comment of a German Countess to whom I mentioned the occurrence. "What business had she walking alone?"

Still another incident.

An American lady married to a German nobleman left her country house one summer afternoon on foot, in order to greet a friend on her arrival at the railway station. The impulse was impromptu, and she did not stop to call a maid to accompany her, but walked out in her garden bonnet. Her course lay through a village street for a short distance and on passing this two [illegible] in sight. She gazed at them [illegible] salutation, saw that they were [illegible] arrivals" and passed on, suppressing the quick sentiment of affront over their neglect to pay the respects which the etiquette of the country always makes due to her.

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What was her amazement [illegible] two faces peered from be[illegible] bonnet, one on each side of her cheek, and what her consternation when she recognized in the bold young eyes that laughed into hers the "fresh arrival" with you, pretty maid [illegible].

"Pretty maid, me[illegible] you knew who I am and what a scrape you are getting yourselves in," commented the Princess to herself; and she hurried breathless to the other side of the street. But neither her dismay nor her silence was heeded. The pair persecuted her till she had every reason to exchange her first view of the comicality of the situation for positive wrath and fear.

Sinking in the knees from terror, she reached the railway station at last, where the carriage of her friend was waiting. She beckoned to the coachman to come to her. He drove up, and the footman sprang from the box to the ground and took off his hat, pronouncing her name. At the sight the officers turned pale, and by the time the door of the coach had closed upon the Princess they had fled out of sight.

"Poor things! poor boys. It will ruin their careers," cried the friend, on hearing the incident. "Promise not to tell your husband. He will inform the Colonel, and demand their transfer to a boundary garrison. Promise."

"I am too overwrought to think clearly," answered the Princess; "but I shall be sure to tell my husband, I know; for I tell him [illegible]."

"How can you be so cruel? You, yourself, with a son of your own!"

"My son shall be taught to respect women," cried the Princess. "If he does not, I shall be the first to demand his punishment. What a civilization, where a woman cannot set her foot on the earth alone, without being exposed to the annoyance of hearing of the beastly passions of m[illegible]."

"You are quite crazy on that subject," retorted the Countess coldly. "It is the more ridiculous to day, because you must be knowing all the while that the officers would not have pursued you if they had recognized you. I can only tell you, my dear, your speaking of the subject will make you unpopular among all the officers' comrades."

"There it was," commented the Princess, on telling me the story a few days later; "the same talking part with the men; the utter want of a conception that women should stand up for one another at all times."

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I inquired if her husband had informed the Colonel of the young men's conduct. She had felt no desire to punish their remissness to her rank, she replied. What satisfaction could come to her from punishing them when she knew they might have insulted every citizen's daughter in the place without incurring censure, and herself too, if she had still been the farmer's daughter that she was born. Her womanhood had been outraged, it was only her title that would have been revenged. No, she had required her husband not to inform the Colonel. As it turned out, the young men had besought him to order their transference, and this was done.

Now such being the social education that men receive in Germany, and such the native manner of thinking, the kind of Yankee girl that married into German life has seemed to me to be of the first importance. Her sentiments being those of the young Princess and the Boston girl (the Boston girl, as I forgot to tell, cried "Shame" to the rude officer's face, which no meek and gentle Gretchen would have ventured to do), her sentiments [illegible]ng staunch for individual dignity and freedom, her minute influence, as one would think, could not fail to be beneficent in working like drops of leaven in the old, compact, gross dough of feudal society.

She possessed a natural taste for elegance, and showed well. Her adaptability was eminent, and caused her to be received well. Her principles were of a haughty independence, and commanded respect. There was not a tinge of servility in her spirit. Her errors were certain to be of the opposite sort to toad eating. She overdid, not underdid. She came up to the mark in every contingency, or went beyond the proper limit, but not below it at any time.

By reason of this trait, titled men could marry her, as they could not handsome, rich girls of untitled families at home. Such [illegible]e girls of the middle classes have been too deeply instilled with the sense of such differences ever to become quietly self r[illegible]. The republican bred girl, on the contrar[illegible] [illegible]ol that is just the spirit that a nobleman requires in a consort.

American girls were like white leaves, in fact, unwritten by any kind of class traditions; whereas take a European gentlewoman [illegible]med with articles of class [illegible]. The chief dogma of the creed is nothing, to be sure, but a copy of the aristo[illegible]'s dogma that pronounces against mis[illegible]. Only the gentry's creed works both ways alike, and deprecates alliances that are too high, as well as those that are thought too low.

The gentlewoman who is taught from her birth to die a spinster rather than marry beneath her, is taught likewise not to be ready to unite with a great aristocrat. She is made aware of the fact that she is necessarily unfamiliar with the pedigrees, the estat[illegible] the pictures and the paraphernalia generally, of peers. And she is instructed that the ignorance of these things would force her to feel isolated in the society of her husband's associates, and force these to realize in their turn that she is an intruder and not of themselves. Rather than be exposed to such abasing experiences, she is taught to relinquish the hope of social elevation, and vaulting ambition is denounced as a sign of vulgar breeding.

When it happens that simple republican girls accept these same great alliances without hesitation or misgivings, the sense of the enormity of these girls' ignorance is most vivid and bitter. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is the Court comment, and how very often I have overheard it!

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What I have yet to hear, however, is a comment to the effect that these so-called [illegible]al fools have remained ignorant or inefficient. As a rule, they seem to have won the full esteem of native society everywhere. They have spared it the task of lowering its tone of condescension, the irksome bother of finding itself worshiped, the intolerable nuisance of seeing itself imitated. In many cases something was held in reserve by these strangers; and society, where it was fashionable and not provincial, delighted in the idea that this reserve was criticism of itself. How piquant!

The droll secret came out in time, perhaps, and ever was it the same—women in Europe are underestimated. "Yes," the cry was then sure to be, "that is the American idea of us. American women are freer than ours." Everybody understood perfectly; for society's frivolous head has caught and retained this one fact about American civilization, while remaining ignorant and thoughtless about most others.

I wonder if there can be any possible question of the truth of the assertion? And if there cannot be, then it is granted that European fashion admits that American women enjoy a larger freedom than women elsewhere; to whom, it may be asked, is owing the vogue of the idea, with its accompanying fine acknowledgment of the freedom being quixotic, perhaps, but not low?

The solitary girl tourists, who represent the Unas among lions, in the poetry of everyday life in Europe, have had something to do in spreading the idea. For this reason I bless every one I meet in traveling, and bid her, secretly, godspeed on her unconsciously pathetic way. But these young pioneers of culture, it must be remembered, lack the opportunity of meeting foreign ladies. Their lessons have been delivered, perforce, to the men, only, whom they have encountered. The intimate families of these men, had, therefore, to be instructed as to what American women are and think themselves to be, by quite other agents than themselves.

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The Queen of Servia's Jewels.—From Biarritz comes this little story of the Queen of Servia and her lost jewels. It is told that while staying at Biarritz the Queen missed some very valuable diamonds, whereupon she caused an advertisement to be put in the local papers to the effect that if the jewels were found and returned to her she would give the sum obtained, after selling them, to the poor of Biarritz. A few days after the lost or stolen diamonds were returned, wrapped up in a sheet of writing paper, across which was scribbled, "I wonder if the Queen will keep her word?" Well, the Queen did keep her word. Placing the jewels in the hands of some Sisters of Mercy, she begged them to organize a lottery, and this was soon eagerly subscribed for by the visitors of Biarritz. A very poor little seamstress won the prize.

With an Irish Flavor

Congested Traffic. An Irish Magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, argued, "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

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Spirituous Reincarnation.—An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announced, in one of the Irish papers, that he had still a small quantity of the liquor on sale which was drunk by his late Majesty while in Dublin.

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In the Last Extremity.—A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, me honeys," he answered, "I would not be afther parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

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Giving Fair Warning.—In an Irish provincial paper is the following notice: "Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same he will be advertised."

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Recovering His Health.—An invalid, after returning from a southern trip, said to a friend, "Oh, shure, an' it's done me a wurruld o' good, goin' away. I've come back another man altogether; in fact, I'm quite meself again, if you'll bel[illegible]."

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An Unanswerable Argument.—That was a triumphant appeal to an Irish lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of the old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

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Against Early Marriages.—A young Irishman who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

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Strange Condition of Empty Seats.—At a crowded concert a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Irishman who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be overly glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

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A Double Dilemma.—A domestic newly engaged presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair downstairs are in the same fix."

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Appeal to Authority.—An eccentric lawyer thus questioned a client: "So your uncle, Dennis O'Flaherty, had no family?" "None at all, yer honor," responded the client. The lawyer made a memorandum of the reply, and thus continued: "Very good. And your father, Patrick O'Flaherty, did he ever have chick or child?"

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The Inconsiderate Train.—An Irishman got out of his car at a railway station for refreshments but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murther'n' ould stame injin; ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

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The Misfit Feet.—An Irishman, having feet of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but as he tried the smallest boot on his largest foot, he exclaimed, petulantly, "Confound that fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and instead he has made one smaller than the other."

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In the Superlative Mood.—A Hibernian gentleman told a friend studying for the priesthood, "I hope I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon." Another expressed the graceful sentiment, "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches over your grave." A physician said oracularly of a murdered man, "This person was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before."

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Identifying the Horses.—An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor; I know that; but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

"KINSMEN, HAIL!"

[The New York Herald has received by cable the following poem, on Anglo-American Unity, from the pen of Alfred Austin, the British poet laureate.]

WHAT is the voice I hear
On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
To a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long:
Now let us have done with a wormout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong.'"

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other,
As none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land
And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
"We severed have been too long:
But now we have done with a wormout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."

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A LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT A LIGHT

THE most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay, a rock which is separated from the Island of Lewis by a channel over five hundred feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil-well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the Island of Lewis, five hundred feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that, to all intents and purposes, a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse-keeper, and yet gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service-room, bedroom, living-room, storeroom, water tanks, and all other accessories were erected on the rock's summit.

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IN THE OLDEST AMERICAN CITY

HIDDEN away among the mountains of Honduras, in a beautiful valley which, even in that little-traveled country where remoteness is a characteristic attribute of places, is unusually secluded, Copan is one of the greatest mysteries of the ages, says George Byron Gordon, in the Century. After the publication (in 1840) of Stephens' account of his visit to the ruins, which made them known for the first time to the world, the interest, awakened by his graphic description and the drawings that accompanied it from the very skillful pencil of Catherwood, relapsed; and, until within the last decade, writers on the subject of American archæology were all dependent, entirely, for information concerning Copan upon the writings of Stephens, which were regarded by many with skepticism and, in some cases, even mistrust.

Not only do the recent explorations confirm the account given by Stephens, as regards the magnitude and importance of the ruins, but the collection of relics now in the Peabody Museum is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that here are the remains of a city, unknown to history, as remarkable and as worthy of our careful consideration as any of the ancient centres of civilization in the Old World.

Whatever the origin of its people, this old city is distinctly American—the growth of American soil and its environment. The gloomy forest, the abode of monkeys and jaguars, which clothed the valley at the time of Stephens' visit, was in great part destroyed thirty years ago by a colony from Guatemala, who came to plant in the fertile valley the tobacco for which, much more than for the ruins, that valley is famous throughout Central America to-day. They left the trees that grew upon the higher structures, forming a picturesque grove, a remnant of which still remains—a few cedars and ceibas of gigantic proportions, clustered about the ruins of the temples, shrouding them in a sombre shade and sending their huge roots into the crevices and unexplored chambers, and vaults, and galleries of the vast edifices. The area comprised within the limits of the old city consists of a level plain seven or eight miles long and two miles wide at the greatest. This plain is covered with the remains of stone houses, doubtless the habitations of the wealthy. The streets, squares and courtyards were paved with stone, or with white cement made from lime and powdered rock, and the drainage was accomplished by means of covered canals and underground sewers built of stone and cement. On the slopes of the mountains, too, are found numerous ruins, and even on the highest peaks fallen columns and ruined structures may still be seen.

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IN THE HOMES OF THE CAVE-DWELLERS

ON KING'S ISLAND, south of Cape Prince of Wales, is a village of the cave-dwellers, numbering two hundred. This is one of the most remarkable settlements in America. The island is a great mass of basalt rock, about a mile in length, rising from the sea with perpendicular sides from seven hundred to one thousand feet above the water.

On the south side the wall is broken down by a ravine rising at an angle of forty-five degrees, and is filled with loose rock. A great permanent snowbank fills the ravine from the bottom to the top of the mountain. On the west side of the snow is the village of Ouk-ivak, which consists of some forty dwellings or underground houses, partly excavated in the side of the hill, and built up with stone walls. Across the top of these walls are large poles made from the drift-wood that is caught floating around the island. Upon these are placed hides and grass, which are in turn covered with dirt. A low tunnel or dirt-covered hallway, ten to fifteen feet long, leads directly under the centre of the dwelling. This is so low that it is necessary to stoop and often creep in entering. At the end of the hall, directly overhead, is a hole about eighteen inches in diameter. This is the entrance to the dwelling above.

Frequently in summer these caves become too damp to live in. The people then erect a summer-house upon the top of the winter one. The summer-house consists of walrus hides, stretched over a wooden frame, making a room from ten to fifteen feet square. These summer-houses are guyed to rocks with rawhide ropes to prevent them from being blown off to sea. The entrance is an oval hole in the walrus hide, about two feet above the floor. Outside of the door is a narrow platform about two feet wide, leading back to the side of the hill. Some of these platforms are from fifteen to twenty feet above the roofs of the huts below them. Across the ravine from the village, at the base of the perpendicular sides of the island, is a cave, into the mouth of which the surf dashes and roars. At the back of the cave is a large bank of perpetual snow. This cave is a storehouse of the whole village. Walrus and seal meat is stored away in rooms excavated in the snow. As the temperature in the cave never rises above the freezing point, meat so stored soon freezes solid and keeps for an almost indefinite period.—From Sheldon Jackson's Facts about Alaska.

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TAKING LIBERTIES WITH BIBLE TEXTS

OUR devout forefathers, so easily shocked in many ways, used to permit in the pulpit liberties which in our time would be strongly resented or disapproved, says the Youth's Companion. Their personal application of Scripture to others was occasionally pursued very close to the line of libel, and they did not deem it amiss in a minister to select his text with a distinctly humorous intention, even sometimes perverting or curtailing it for the sake of a witty adaptation to circumstances.

Parson Turell, of Medford, in the first sermon which he preached after his wedding—he had married a beautiful brunette—gave out, certainly as much to the entertainment as to the edification of his flock, the text: "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!"

Abby Smith, the spirited daughter of Parson Smith, who married John Adams, despite the fact that her father disliked him so much that he would not invite him to the house to dinner, is said to have selected as the text from which her wedding sermon should be preached the significant lines: "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

Wedding sermons, such as were then customary, offered a tempting field for clerical ingenuity. But that most certainly was not a wedding sermon, and the minister who preached it was assuredly a bachelor, and a very cynical and crusty one at that, for which the abbreviated text was announced to the startled congregation: "There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman."

The famous Dr. Mather Byles, disappointed by Mr. Prince, who was to have preached in his stead, offered an impromptu discourse from the text: "Put not your trust in princes."

He was more excusable than the minister in a small New England town, who, for the especial benefit of a miserly though prominent parishoner, who was reputed to be holding for higher prices a large quantity of grain sadly needed for consumption in the village, thundered from the high pulpit the text from Proverbs: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him."

Applying this denunciation more and more unmistakably to his indignant listener, who sat rigid with wrath in his pew, the preacher, carried away at length by his own eloquence, and angered at the little effect it appeared to produce, suddenly broke into a direct address.

"Colonel Ingraham! Colonel Ingraham!" he shouted, thumping the pulpit, "you know I mean you. Why don't you hang down your head?"

At a somewhat later day, and in a spirit less questionable, two old-fashioned ministers, who disliked the innovation of "repeating tunes" when they were first introduced, aimed their discourses aptly, though in vain, against the objectionable practice. "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," one venerable minister gave out, sorrowfully, upon the first Sabbath of its introduction into his church, while another aged preacher, of a more bellicose turn, prefaced a lively original protest with the text which was far from complimentary to the choir, "The songs of the temple shall be howlings!"

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HOW TO WRITE TO THE POPE

A LETTER to the Pope is hedged around with more formality and difficulty than even a letter to the Autocrat of the Russias. If it is to have the most slender chance of reaching his august hands, it must be written in Latin on special paper made for this purpose in Fabriano. Then it must commence "Beatissime Pater," and must be inclosed in an envelope addressed in Latin to "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, reigning happily." If the letter be then handed to a diplomat accredited to the Papal Court, or to a gentleman of the Pope's household, it may reach His Holiness. There is, however, one method of insuring this object, and that is by addressing it to "His Holiness the Pope, Prefect of the Holy Roman and General Inquisition." All letters thus addressed must be delivered into the Pope's hands under pain of excommunication.

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THE SNAIL'S TALENT FOR SLEEPING

THE common snail has lungs, heart, and a general circulation, and is in every respect an air-breathing creature, says the St. Louis Republic. This notwithstanding, he can live on indefinitely without inhaling the least atom of air—that which is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs. Leppert says: "To all organized creatures the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment, and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made, he does not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of "organized beings," for the experiments made by Professor Spallanzani prove that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed, in its case, without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

It is a fact well known that the common land snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather in the fall, and that the opening or mouth of the shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to both air and water. In this condition it is plain that he is deprived of three out of the four elements of life mentioned by Leppert, viz., air, water, and nourishment.

Taken after he has been thus handicapped for months, he may be plunged into a chemical mixture, one hundred degrees colder than the degree marked Fahrenheit's zero, and allowed to remain in that chilly solution for weeks. Yet as soon as restored to normal temperature life is renewed, and the snail soon regains his natural powers, clips the silken curtain from his house door, and begins to feed as naturally as though just awakening from a winter's sleep. Spallanzani kept a snail of the great helix family hermetically sealed in a glass tube, from which all air had been carefully removed, for a period of four years and two months, yet he declares that the creature regained all its normal functions within less than an hour after being exposed to a temperature of about ninety degrees.

WEARYIN' FOR YOU

By Frank L. Stanton

JEST a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless, don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way.
Folks they smile and pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jest can't stand the sight of it;
Go out doors an' roam a bit,
But the woods is lonesome, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms falling to the ground
Softly—like your footsteps sound;
Violets, like your eyes so blue,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake
(Use to sing so for your sake),
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats;
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls. I miss you more
When the dark gloom's in the door;
Seems jest like you orter be
There to open it for me;
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.—Poems.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER WRITTEN IN A DOT

A MACHINE has been invented which is composed of most exquisitely graduated wheels rubbing a tiny diamond point, at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby one is able to write, upon glass, the whole of the Lord's Prayer within a space which measures the two hundred and ninety-fourth part of an inch in length by the four hundred and fortieth part of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of the dot over the letter "i" in common print. With this machine anyone who understood operating it could write the whole 3,567,480 letters of the Bible eight times over in the space of an inch—a square inch. A specimen of this marvelous microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, and every letter and point was perfect and could be read with ease.

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MARVELS OF THE INFINITELY SMALL

THE human mind is as powerless to grasp the infinitely little as the infinitely great, says the Family Doctor. The molecules contained in a space equal in size to a pin-head are so numerous that, taking the world's population at 1,500,000,000, and assuming that each of these millions of inhabitants were to count these molecules at the rate of one a second, or 86,400 a day, no less than 1633 years must elapse before the last molecule is reached. The tiniest object visible by the keenest human eye measures one hundred-thousandth of an inch; and yet this infinitely tiny object may contain nearly as many molecules as there are people on the earth.

If we take a cubic inch of gas and divide it into a hundred parts, each hundredth part contains from 19,000,000,000,000,000,000 to 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules. To gain some conception of the vastness of these numbers, let us suppose that every man, woman and child living commences to count the molecules contained in the smaller number, at the rate of one per second, day and night; their stupendous task would not be complete until the middle of the year 2301. If they then proceed to count the larger number of molecules, the task will occupy them no less than 127,644 years, or a period equal to nearly twenty-two times the age of the earth according to Biblical chronology. And yet these molecules are all contained in the hundredth part of a cubic inch of gas. Is it not marvelous?

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WHY GIRLS CAN'T THROW STRAIGHT

THE difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is this: The boy crooks his elbow, and reaches back with the upper part of his arm nearly at right angles with his body, and the forearm about at an angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint of the arm from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the collar-bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer, and set some inches lower down, than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone; but she is his equal in many field-sports.

Andree in the Arctic

TO THE POLE IN A LEAKY BALLOON

AXEL STAKE, the Swedish chemist, who inflated the "Ornen," Andree's balloon, when it went on its flight to the Pole, is now living in New York City, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. He is probably the only person in the United States who saw the balloon disappear over the northern horizon. He is preparing to take part in another expedition which soon will start to the Arctic regions—not by balloon, but in a plain, old-fashioned steam vessel.

It would seem from this that he does not take much stock in balloons as a mode of Arctic conveyance, and, as a matter of fact, his diary as an eye-witness of Andree's departure does not look encouraging. According to Mr. Stake's account, Andree was reluctant to go on the day the start was made, and wanted to wait a day. He lost two-thirds of his drag ropes before he left the shore, and was compelled to throw out a large amount of ballast and waste a lot of gas before he floated out of sight of the workmen on shore.

It was Andree's belief that the balloon might float more than a month, but Dr. Ekholm gave it as his expert opinion that it could not possibly float more than fifteen days at the very most. Mr. Stake says that while Andree's balloon was the "tightest" ever made, yet the gas would escape in spite of all that could be done to prevent it. This fact, coupled with the handicapping the voyagers received at the start, makes it look bad for the success of the expedition. Certainly at this time, when the sanguine friends of the explorers are expecting every day to hear from them, the following statements of Mr. Stake are interesting, if not very encouraging:

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I was the chemist of the expedition which fitted out Andree for his North Pole journey. I made the gas which carried his balloon away to the North. I kept a dairy of all the events that happened from the time the expedition was first assembled in Sweden until Andree and his companions disappeared beyond Fogelsang on the northern horizon. From what I have seen printed in the papers, both here and abroad, I do not think that all of the happenings of the departure can be known to the public at large.

For instance, it may not be known generally that Andree was very reluctant to depart on his voyage on that rather memorable July 11. His own wish was to defer the start to the next day. I do not believe he would have gone on the 11th had he not been urged to go by his companions. He is very painstaking and careful, and in his middle age far more discreet than the youth of his companions allowed them to be. But Strindberg and Frankel had waited so long, and hoped so much for a breeze from the South, that they were eager to be off. They were afraid the breeze would die away and the expedition would be left stranded on Dane's Island, as it was in 1896.

I remember very well the morning of the 11th. Strindberg and I occupied the same cabin on board the Swedish gunboat which carried us up to the island. Strindberg came running to me that morning and awoke me in my bunk, crying: "The breeze! the breeze! We shall sail to-day. The wind is from the south." I laughed at him, for I did not believe it was possible. But when I came out on the deck I found that the preparations for the start had already begun. Andree was doubtful. In his mind this southerly wind might be a false alarm. He thought they had better wait a day or two and see if it would continue. A conference was held on the vessel, after which, reluctant as yet, Andree went ashore to the balloon-house to see if the breeze was quite as strong there as it was on board the gunboat. During the morning he had been making meteorological observations, and the results added force to the pleadings of his companions. He came on board the vessel again and a second conference was held. It was finally decided to go that day, and immediately the order to knock down the front section of the balloon was given. This was at 10:30 A. M. But it was 2:30 in the afternoon before the balloon sailed away.

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Andree went away with the impression that his balloon would float at least six weeks. Indeed, it was his idea, in 1896, that he could keep in the air for a year or more if necessary. But the trouble we had with escaping gas soon dispelled this notion. I think that even after he found how impossible it was to confine the gas, he overrated the time he would be able to keep afloat. The expert, from the balloon factory, and I made a minute calculation of how long the gas would remain in the bag, taking into consideration its slow escape through the minute interstices which we found it impossible to close up. Our calculation was that the balloon would remain afloat, barring accidents, not longer than fifteen days.

The Ornen probably was the tightest balloon bag ever made, but we could not close up some of the holes. I invented a process for detecting the escape of the gas. After the balloon was inflated we spread long strips of sheeting, saturated with acetate of lead, over the top. The confined hydrogen sulphide, as it escaped, would, on coming in contact with the sheeting, cause the latter to become discolored. Thus the exact location of every hole could be ascertained.

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Even so, although we varnished and revarnished the silk inside and out, we could not prevent the almost imperceptible holes. The greatest trouble was in the seams, where the sections of the great bag were joined. The finest needle-hole was sure to show a leak, even after the stitching had been done as neatly as possible. It may not be known that the successive varnishings could be done satisfactorily only on the upper part of the bag, against which the greatest outward pressure of the confined gas was exerted. Of course, we would have done the lower part of the balloon more thoroughly, but we had not the time. The aeronauts were eager to sail with the first good south wind, and we had to let them go. Strindberg had made some experiments to reduce the outflow of the gas, but they were without success. The constant smearing on of the gutta-percha which we used was really the best we could do. Our estimate of fifteen days' duration for the gas, small as it was, would provide for its retention twice the length of time that gas has ever before been confined in a balloon. I believe that no balloon heretofore has floated longer than a week.

Andree was handicapped at the start by the loss of two-thirds of his drag ropes, upon which he depended to steer his balloon. The accident was a curious one, and, while it could not have been foreseen, yet the conditions under which it happened might have been avoided if different arrangements had been made. The drag ropes of the balloon, which were about 1000 feet long, were in three sections, and were joined together by metal screw couplings. The couplings could be screwed apart, the inference being, I suppose, that if Andree wanted to do so, he could unscrew and cast off any part of the drag rope. Why he could not just as easily have cut them apart I do not know. Now, when the balloon was ready to start, the drag ropes, attached to the lower side of the basket, were allowed to trail up over the top edge of the balloon-house and down again to the beach along which they were trailed, so as to be clear of all obstruction and ready to follow the balloon out to sea when it rose out of its nest and commenced its flight.

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But the heavy weight of the ropes defeated this purpose. The part of the ropes which lay outside on the beach offered an immense friction, which the balloon seemed unable to overcome. Instead of following the bag out of the house, uncoiling as they went, the upper sections of the drag ropes twisted, and under the severe strain the couplings unscrewed. For a moment it seemed that the balloon would not get away; that the friction of the heavy ropes would hold her to the shore. Then, to our astonishment, the couplings parted and the airship made a quick dart upward.

The question whether or not the loss of these ropes would prevent Andree from steering the balloon has been openly discussed. It is impossible to tell, of course, though he may have remedied the defect by putting out another drag rope composed of the rope which hung from the basket, and which for the time being was used as ballast.

When the balloon rose out of the house, some portion of it caught on the structure of the balloon-house. Andree was heard to exclaim, "What was that?" Then we heard Strindberg crying, "Long live old Sweden!" A boat had pulled out from the shore, and as the bag tore away Andree grabbed a speaking-trumpet and shouted to those in the boat. From his motions every one believed he was trying to say something about the loss of the drag ropes, but no one could understand what he said, and, as the balloon got farther and farther away, the difficulty of making himself understood became greater and greater.

Andree lost much ballast and much gas before the balloon passed out of sight. After its first jump upward from the balloon-house, it was depressed toward the water by the air current coming down from the mountains behind us. It got so near the surface of the water that, for a moment, we wondered whether the expedition wasn't going to end right there. Nobody spoke, but everybody was filled with excitement, all the more intense because no sound was uttered. Then the ballonists began throwing out ballast; nine bags of sand, weighing about three hundred and seventy-eight pounds. After that the balloon went upward. It reached over three thousand feet in height, then it went forward again. A little later it was depressed, evidently through the escape of gas which the aeronauts permitted to flow through the valves. Finally, when it rose over Vogelsang, more ballast must have been dispensed with in order to accomplish the purpose.

If the balloonists managed to land safely on Franz Josef Land, they may have been able to pull through the winter by erecting a hut and hunting for food, as has been pointed out. It may be that they have gone too far north to sustain themselves in this manner. On the other hand, they may have descended into the ocean, although, in the latter event, they had one meagre chance left open to them. It has been said that Andree acted in an ill-advised manner when he placed his provisions in packages in the ropes of his balloon, rather than in the basket in which he and his companions were to live. It has been said that if the basket had been overturned the balloonists would have been spilled out, and the balloon, relieved of their weight, would immediately bound into the air and carry away with it their precious food. But Andree's conclusions in this matter showed him to be more far-sighted than his critics. His idea was that the balloon might descend into the sea, in which case he and his companions would be compelled to take to those very ropes themselves. Then, by cutting loose the basket beneath them, the balloon would rebound into the air and carry upward not only the aeronauts, but their precious food as well.

So it is highly problematical. Under fortunate circumstances the explorers might exist several years in the Arctic regions. Everything that could be done to insure the success of the trip was done before they started. They were provided with every necessity of life; they had provisions, arms, ammunition, sledges, and a boat. They might, if they are on the mainland, gradually journey southward, in which case we shall hear of them before long. If they dropped into the ocean they are lost. If they have reached the polar cap and wrecked their balloon, they undoubtedly have found the great spot which so many have striven to find; but whether they will ever tell its mysteries to the world is a question which I would rather not be asked to answer.

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Church Acquaintanceship

HOW CASTE INVADES SACRED PLACES

ONE of the most perplexing problems presented to pastors of city churches is how to make their congregations "mix"—that is, to promote acquaintance and Christian fellowship. The stratification of society into classes which are almost castes extends into the Church, says the New York Observer. These classes observe toward each other a certain etiquette of distance, amounting in some cases to almost complete separation. Many families belong to social circles outside the church they attend, and are indifferent to further acquaintance. Others hold the theory that the sole function of the Church is the salvation of souls, and with attendance on its services, absolve themselves from all other duties. The result is that occupants of the same pew are often strangers, and that people who attend the same church for years do not recognize each other outside its doors. The activities of the churches suffer from the paralysis consequent upon the indisposition of the various classes to work with each other, and ignorance of the special aptitudes of its members. The stranger in the congregation who depends, and rightly, upon the church for a large measure of the social life of his family, is repelled by its coldness, and takes no part in its activities.

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It will be said, of course, that the evil is the result of our complex civilization, that class distinctions prevail everywhere, and that custom, the strongest of social forces, will make itself felt even in churches. But while that might be a final argument in a secular society, it cannot be final in an organization which recognizes as binding the obligation of the second great command. It may be claimed, too, that the evil is exaggerated; that any person failing to find friends and a fair measure of social recognition in any of our city churches has only himself to blame. No person, it is insisted, who shows a disposition to be friendly, and who enters into the work of the church, will lack acquaintanceship. Unhappily, there is only too much evidence to the contrary. Even in those churches deemed the most sociable, acquaintance is not general, but limited to groups which remain apart. The real working force in any church is small compared with the whole body of the membership, and entrance into it is by no means a passport of further acquaintance. Moreover, there are in every congregation many persons who are prevented by modesty or worldly circumstances from pushing for recognition, and who, though meeting every advance on the part of others, must be sought out if they are not to remain apart.

The truth is, that the churches are at fault in failing to recognize the fact that one of the best ways of reaching the souls of men is to show an interest in the men themselves, and that every member of their flocks is by his membership entitled to their friendly interest and to a share in their social life. Pastors are alive to this truth, and are uncensing in their efforts to fuse their people. But the congregations are singularly irresponsive. And the question is, What can be done to bring them to a better way? It is easy enough to say that fusion will come in time of itself, and the sooner from absence of any forcing process whatever. Let care be taken that there are no artificial obstacles, and then leave intercourse to grow as it should by natural selection. But that process has long been tried without beneficial result. Even the philanthropists have abandoned it, and are now founding institutes and lecture-halls in which all classes are admissible, as the one quick way of fusing the masses and making them more like brethren. Something of the same principle prompts the varied activities of the Institutional Church, which is accomplishing so much good for practical Christianity. Might not all the churches profit by the same idea, and find in some increase of entertainments, within wise limits, a better foundation for the increased acquaintanceship and friendliness so much desired? Rightly used, entertainments are not an evil, but tend not alone to draw congregations together, and so to promote social intercourse, but to actually stimulate interest in the work of the church.

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Beauty in Illustration

APT ANECDOTE IN LITERATURE

Thankfulness in Poverty.—A poor widow, not having bedclothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do, this cold weather, who have no boards to put upon their children?"

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Ruling the Tongue.—Socrates, the ecclesiastical historiographer, reports a story of one Pambo, a plain, ignorant man, who came to a learned man and desired him to teach him some psalm or other. He began to read unto him the Thirty-ninth Psalm: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having passed his first verse, Pambo shut the book and took his leave, saying that he would go and learn that point first. When he had absented himself for the space of nine months, he was demanded of his reader when he would go forward. He answered that he had not yet learned his old lesson; and he gave the very same answer to one that asked the like question forty-nine years after.—Spencer.

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Life's Record.—When Latimer was on trial for heresy he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says that he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record book, in which our every syllable is taken down, and scored for, or against, us.—Cuyler.

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Brilliant but Useless Sermons.—Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon "en chef" of the Empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "1," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, Monsieur, I lose dem all; but de operation was very brilliant." Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given! Human souls are not often saved, but the preaching is very brilliant.—Spurgeon.

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Individual Effort.—When John Williams, the martyr missionary of Eromanga, went to the South Sea Islands, he took with him a single banana tree from an English nobleman's conservatory. And now, from that single banana tree, bananas are to be found throughout the whole group of islands. Before the negro slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of British soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second, and that second a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same thing there, and when, at length, liberty was proclaimed throughout the islands and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, the number taught through this one slave's instrumentality was not any less than six hundred. From small beginnings may come great results.—Irish Congregational Magazine.

EDITOR'S NOTE—These extracts are taken from Dictionary of Anecdote, Incident, Illustrative Fact, selected and arranged for the platform by Walter Baxendale. Published by Thomas Whittaker.

How the Nation Trains Sailors

LIFE ABOARD A RECEIVING-SHIP

By C. M. Strong

A VISIT to the receiving-ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, inclines one at first to the view that the life of a newly enlisted blue-jacket in the United States service is a round of frolic, tobacco, and meals, tempered by occasional calls to duty in the form of drills that are little more than light exercises. The men who have seen service, and the apprentices, waiting for assignments to the various vessels after having passed through the training-ship period, find time rather heavy on their hands, and look forward to being drafted. To the raw recruits it all appears novel enough, for they regard their surroundings with unaccustomed eyes, and to them the lightest duty seems arduous because of its unfamiliarity.

In the matter of recruits, the Navy is having some trouble just now to find men that answer its needs and requirements. It has always been particular, and has been no less so in the present emergency, until very recently, although it has had the immediate task of manning the two former Brazilian ships, the New Orleans and Albany, the cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia, the dispatch-boats Dolphin and Mayflower, and others, and is, at the same time, under the necessity of looking after its ordinary duty of filling the places of men whose terms of enlistment have expired.

There is no lack of raw material; indeed, the trouble lies in its being too raw. Applicants from the class known as "landsmen" are numerous; but these, as the name implies, have had no actual experience on the sea, either in the military or merchant service. Experience counts quite as much here as in the callings of civil life, and is paid for at a rate higher than mere inclination can command, however exalted it may be.

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The classes in greatest and almost exclusive demand, for the moment, at naval recruiting stations, are those of machinists and seamen. In the demand for the former is found, strange to say, the reason why they are difficult to secure. Openings for their services in factories and machine-shops on shore, in a time of preparation like the present, are brought about by naval activity, and since land occupations have their own advantages, as well as greater pay, they are naturally preferred.

A candidate for enlistment as a machinist must have been one in civil life, but is nevertheless put through a rigid examination to test his knowledge of tools and shop-work, and is required, also, to display some familiarity with marine engines and boilers. It is prescribed that the former examination be made in the machine-shops of the yard, and the latter in the engine-room of the ship.

A man who has had no sea experience is assigned to the second class and paid forty dollars per month, while one year's previous work in the engine-room at sea entitles him to be put in the first class, with pay at the rate of fifty-five dollars per month. An ordinary seaman is one who has had at least two years' service at sea, and is examined, in addition to the usual points of age, citizenship, and intelligence, in reefing, splicing, knotting, etc., and is paid nineteen dollars per month. A seaman is supposed to have had four years' sea-service, and is closely examined in seamanship, receiving twenty-four dollars per month when accepted.

No recruits are kept on board the receiving-ship longer than is absolutely necessary, because this means expense and outlay without adequate return in service; and receiving-ships, at best, are not suited to the training and drilling necessary to the proper education of a ship's crew. This is done, for apprentices, at the Newport training-station and on board such schoolships as the Essex and Alliance; after which they are returned to the receiving-ships for distribution among the vessels in commission. These boys find quite as much pleasure and happiness in their schooldays as do boys generally, and meet with the usual vicissitudes in the way of punishment and commendation, both of which are, usually, just.

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The apprentices are at present much the larger element in the life of the Vermont, and this is indicated to the visitor by the tear-stained faces of the women coming and going. The boys are a good-humored, light-hearted lot. They are allowed to see their friends and members of their families aboard, and are often given the liberty of the yard when their parents or guardians are there to accompany them. It is understood, however, that the Government assumes actual guardianship over them in all things from the time of their enlistment until they are twenty-one years of age, and so these privileges are granted only at the option of the commanding officer.

Life on board, barring the monotony of routine, is very pleasant. There is always a band at the station to furnish music on the spardeck for nimble feet and appreciative ears, and a piano is part of the ship's regular equipment; such modest but serviceable instruments as harmonicas, accordions, and jewsharps seem to be found in every nook and corner when occasion requires and the hour permits.

During the evening gymnastic exercises are allowed, and are, perhaps, indulged in with greater relish by reason of the absence of any prescription to that effect. Punching-bags, boxing-gloves, and dumb-bells are in great demand, and contests in jumping, wrestling, and athletic tricks are always in order at that part of the day. Cards, checkers, and other games are permitted, a reading-room is provided, and ample time is allowed for such diversions, for the men really need them.

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The waiting list is of the same general character at all periods, made up of the boys about to be sent off to the training-station, others who have come from the schoolships, and are awaiting assignment to regular cruisers' recruits, and enlisted men who are in transit from one assignment to another. The recruits made for the classes of seamen, ordinary seamen, and landsmen are given a preliminary "dressing down," if time permits, and are sent to active duty at once, as requisition is made for them. They are "broken in" as much as possible while on the receiving-ship, but receive instruction and drill only when assigned to their respective vessels.

Their first duty after successfully passing the various examinations and being sworn and signed by the commanding officer, is to take a bath and submit to the good offices of the ship's barber. The latter's work is done at Government expense, but after the first experience it is required that enlisted men must settle their own bills of this nature.

The recruits are, in common with all enlisted men and boys on board, put through the well-known "setting-up" drill. This consists in performing certain movements of the limbs and body designed to give the full use of the muscles and feet, and to develop the agility and endurance necessary to the performance of ship duty. The exercise is of daily occurrence while the men are in the early stage of their enlistment, and is practiced frequently during the entire period of their service, being part of the drill of every ship's crew.

The men are given, at frequent intervals, practice in what is known as "the boat drill," which is done chiefly for hygienic reasons, and consists, as its name implies, in handling small boats on the water and taking them out, manning them, etc. They are also drilled in the manning and manipulation of the guns, when chance offers, but these preliminary instructions do little more than familiarize them with the positions to be assumed, and, to a less degree, with the mechanism of the machines. It is impossible to do more than this, owing to the limited opportunities afforded by the Vermont, and is really unnecessary, because on board of an active ship each man will have his position marked out, and will receive a thorough and systematic drilling for well-defined duties.

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The four hundred and fifty men, more or less, of a large ship's complement are made up into divisions, each of which has to do with certain parts of a vessel and its work; one, for instance, is trained to man and operate the guns; another finds its duties almost entirely in the engine and boiler-rooms; another in the operation of the ammunition-hoists, and so on. The only duties required of all hands indiscriminately are the odds and ends that fall under the term seamanship, which are, except in the case of landsmen, provided for by the requirements of the recruiting service. Landsmen are supposed to do what seamen designate "the dirty work" of the ship, which means the scrubbing, cleaning, mess-work, etc.; but, much to their disgust, no enlisted men are absolutely exempt from such calls.

"I've spent all my life on the water, pretty nearly," said one recruit, "but never served on a man-of-war, and don't know much more about a gun than the man in the moon. All the same, I've been drafted to the Columbia, and have only been here two days. Yes, I like it here, and am sorry that I can't rest up a bit on the Vermont; it's just about as easy as pie. We turn out in the morning about five-thirty or six, get breakfast, scrub our clothes and clean ship, and then get ready for inspection. We have to look well, have our shoes shined, and all that sort of thing. Then we have our setting-up drill, or boat drill or gun drill, and lie around until dinner. After that we have more drill out on the deck, and that's about all. We swing our hammocks about seven o'clock in the evening, frolic around, and turn in any time before nine. We are obliged to turn in then.

The personnel of a receiving-ship is made up of the Captain, executive officer, two Lieutenants, petty officers, and a crew usually composed of old men who have seen long service and are not particularly active. A marine guard, under a Lieutenant, is always on board for police duty, and perhaps to inspire early in the breasts of recruits the traditional feeling of hostility. Lieutenant Ingate is in command of the detail on board the Vermont.

Capt. Merrill Miller, in command of the ship, has recently been without the services of his able executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Marix, who was detailed as Judge-Advocate of the Havana court of inquiry, but the Captain has not found that recent efforts at recruiting have given his remaining officers additional work.

"I fail to detect," said the Captain, "any greater desire of men to enlist in view of possible trouble abroad than has been the case in ordinary times. We have had as many as a thousand men aboard at once, but last week we had only three hundred and five. We will pretty well deplete our supply this week, for I have just sent one hundred and thirty men, eighty of whom are apprentices, to the cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia at the League Island yard, and I will soon get rid of about ninety more, who will go to the Dolphin here when she goes into commission. We find trouble in getting hold of the men we want, and have always experienced this more or less. Our standard in the Navy has been high, you know, and a man must have had some experience at sea to make him valuable to us. Now that some of the restrictions have been removed by Secretary Long we expect to have considerably less trouble.—New York Evening Post.

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Along Life's Solitary Way

MISTAKES IN READING CHARACTER

By Helen Rachel Robb

ASK half a dozen persons their opinion of the character of another, and, if they would say what they candidly believe, you would have as many descriptions of the man as you have informants. They will not express their opinions with perfect frankness, however, and it is best that they should not say all they feel. Truth does not demand that all the mind's wares be exposed to every chance customer, and charity commands that much be kept out of sight, even out of one's own sight, frequently. Each of those mental estimates contains some truth and much error. No person is a composite of what all his friends and enemies think he is. To read one's character with justice, the reader must have as view-point the place the writer occupied when he made the record, and God alone can look on it from that spot.

This is the loneliness of life. Each is intended to express a part of the Composer's theme in the oratorio of life; but He who wrote the score did not design that any two parts should exactly coincide. There is sympathy where there is coincidence; in other parts of the performance we may pity, or we may admire, but we can not wholly understand.

Tennyson will not appeal most to the one in whose heart Gladstone's words and deeds awaken any supremely heroic responses; Abraham Lincoln and Louis Agassiz are not leaders with equally attractive force to the same man. He appreciates what, in his measure, he is like, and only so much of it. No one sees the whole of his hero. With all its noise and jostling, life is solitary. Each has his own part, his own struggle, his own triumph or defeat.

Look at a cathedral window from the outside, and it is dull and unlovely. There are suggestions of figures, there seems to be a purpose in it, but it is filled with unsightly seams; the design is incomprehensible. But enter the door, and see it with God's sunlight through—your eyes are dazzled as you lift them to gaze upon its glories.

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We see another only on the seamy side, and often it is a very dull picture we get. But there is a beautiful view of even the most commonplace character that is being fashioned with the Spirit's direction, if only we might stand within the doors. Generally, we catch but a glimpse when some sudden impulse throws them open for a moment, and we may, perhaps, see that it is a saint's figure that is being fashioned of the glowing colors that the glimpse revealed. The worker has struggled for that mosaic, and every bright piece represents a conflict. Beneath many an unattractive exterior lies hidden a gem of worth, as the oyster covers the pearl. That royal purple robe was wrought, bit by bit, from the scarlet of suffering mingling with love's fragments of blue. That nimbus was not worked out of an easy summer day's sunshine. Below, possibly, are words that give the record of the work, but it is seldom that that memorial can be read by earth's imperfect light.

"But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away," and with glad, appreciative eyes we shall read those records of solitary achievement, and rejoice in another's triumph or in our own victory, with equal zest. There the score will be such that all will unite in the harmony of the grand chorus, and "we shall know even as we are known."—The Interior.

Parade of Sacred Elephants

A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION

THE crowds assemble again to witness the perahera, a solemn procession of the sacred elephants which have been arriving all the afternoon from the Buddhist temples of the district, until the court containing the bell-shaped daghobas, which rise round the Temple of the Tooth, is full of the noble beasts and their picturesque attendants, who move about bearing green burdens of bamboo and branches of trees for their charges to feed upon. At length, decorated with gorgeous masks and trappings of red, yellow or white, glittering with gold embroidery representing Buddha in his manifold incarnations, with sacred inscriptions interwoven round every figure, the elephants are drawn up in line on either side of the temple gate.

As the Austrian Archduke and his suite enter the balcony of the octagon, from whence the Kandyan Kings were wont to show themselves to their subjects, the magnificent temple elephant descends the long flight of steps in gorgeous state caparisons of scarlet and gold, presented by the King of Siam, and bearing the golden shrine of the sacred tooth under a golden howdah. A score of attendants walk at the side, supporting a lofty cloth-of-gold canopy, outlined with lamps and flowers. Snowy plumes rise behind the flapping ears, and turbaned mahouts kneel on the richly masked head, and lean against the gilt columns of the howdah, holding peacock-feather fans and scarlet umbrellas edged with tinkling golden bells. The temple band leads the way, the barbaric strains of music being accompanied by the clashing cimbals and rattling castanets of a hundred whirling dancers. The dignified Kandyan chiefs walk in glittering ranks before the mighty elephant which occupies the post of honor, his small eyes twinkling through the red-and-gold mask of the huge head which towers above the multitude, and his enormous tusks guided carefully by the temple servants, to prevent any accidental damage from them.

The thirty elephants of the procession walk three abreast, ridden by officials in muslin robes and embroidered scarfs of sacred red and yellow, and holding golden dishes heaped with rice, cocoanut and flowers, the consecrated offerings of the Buddhist religion. Each trio of elephants is preceded by a band of music, a troupe of dancers, and a crowd of gaudily clad natives with blazing torches and scarlet banners. Sometimes a baby elephant trots along by its mother's side as a preliminary education in the future duties of his sacred calling, and seems terrified by the noise and glare, which in no way disconcerts the imperturbable dignity of its elders. Round and round the wide area of the temple precincts the gigantic animals move with the slow and stately tread which allows ample time for the wild evolutions of the many dances performed before each advancing line. The splendor of the barbaric pageant harmonizes with the vivid coloring of native life and landscape. The red glare of a thousand flaming torches flashing back from the gorgeous trappings of the noble elephants, the burst of savage music and the Oriental brilliancy of the many-colored crowd, contrasting with the jeweled costumes of Kandyan chiefs and the yellow robes of the Buddhist priesthood, render the imposing ceremonial a picture of unprecedented splendor. The tropical wealth of vegetation which frames the fantastic procession enhances the dazzling spectacle, before which every memory of European pageantry fades into a dream.—Cornhill Magazine.

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Teaching the Children

WHAT VACATION SCHOOLS ACCOMPLISH

THE purpose of "vacation schools," to keep children off the streets and give them something useful to occupy their minds, is an excellent one, says the Public Ledger, but the name is unfortunate. The idea of a school of any kind is repugnant, especially to the young, and particularly in vacation time, when the utmost freedom of both mind and body is very properly insisted on. But something pleasant, that will draw the children and make them rather desire to attend than to escape it, is greatly needed in a city like this, where, not to put it too mildly, children who have leisure to play in the streets, and who have nowhere else to play, are very much of a nuisance.

A good beginning has been made in the work of caring for these, both in the vacation schools, properly so called, and in the opening of the small parks and the children's playgrounds; but, though well begun, the work is not yet half done. More schools are needed, more parks, more playgrounds. As much of the work as possible should be in the open air, and as much of it as possible should be on the plan of kindergarten exercises. This is the best scheme yet devised for instruction under the guise of play, and, with proper modifications, it is applicable to children of a larger as well as a smaller growth. Summer kindergartens for all sizes seem to be about what is needed, though it would be well to call them by some other name. Probably, the larger children would relish the idea of going to kindergarten as little as that of going to school.

In the Old Slavery Days

MISTRESS AND SLAVE ON THE PLANTATION

By Ruth McEnery Stuart

MIMI was white and Yuyu was black, and they belonged to each other. Of course, these were not their real names; Mimi had been christened Euphemia, and Yuyu's name was Julia.

The little girls were the same age, exactly; and on the very day they were born they were presented to each other. Of course, the babies knew nothing about it at the time, as they were both asleep; and even if they had been awake they would not have understood, as they had had no experience in the ways of a Louisiana plantation.

When the mistress of the place heard that a little black daughter had come to one of her favorite slaves, at the same hour that her own wee babe was laid in her arms, she sent for her husband and whispered something to him, and he smiled delightedly and called the black fellow, Tom, from the dining-room, and gave an order that sent him grinning out to the quarters. Then, presently, old Granny Milly came trudging into the great house with a big gray bundle in her arms.

It was Christmas morning, but there were late honeysuckles in bloom and hummingbirds at large. Still, it was thought prudent to wrap the new Christmas baby snugly in a soft wool shawl.

Old Granny Milly was so fat that she could hardly walk, but she bore herself proudly as she carried the little slave-baby across the narrow field and through the garden up to the great house. The "boy" Tom had told everybody he had met on the way out, and by the time Granny had started there were many spectators at the cabin doors, and a flock of barefoot black children followed her even to the very limit of their range in the campus of the quarters.

It was a fine thing, in those days, for a slave-born baby to be chosen as a maid to a young white mistress, and the old women who stood with their turbaned heads together watching, all agreed that "Sabina's chile" was "sho' born into luck."

When old Milly, short of breath from fat and importance, finally approached the great bed upon which the white mother and pink baby lay, the master of the house bade her place the children side by side, and then he gently opened their tiny right hands, and laying them one within the other, closed them for a moment. Then he lifted the white hand and placed it on the black baby's head. This meant obedience on one side and protection on the other.

The servants who had tiptoed into the room to see the presentation all declared that while they held hands both babes had smiled in their sleep, and it was considered a good omen for them.

The ceremony closed with a short thanksgiving and prayer, and the servants standing about the bed, and out in the hall, all bent their heads while the master asked that Heaven would bless the children.

This was all. And then old Milly proudly took her tiny charge, wrapped again until it looked like a gray cocoon, back to its mother in the cabin.

The babies did not meet again until the Sunday, a few weeks later, when they were both baptized in the great square parlor. They were to have six years to sleep, and play, and grow in before they should assume their relations. On every birthday there was a formal visit, when the little Mimi put into the growing Julia's hands a great bundle, so big and heavy that a strong hand had to support it during its passage.

This contained clothing enough for the coming year—a few new things, and such of mlady's dainty cast-offs as the black baby could use.

The children often met in the intervals, naturally, as when Yuyu's mother, Sabina, would come to the house on an errand, bearing Yuyu astride her hip, or sending her toddling on before, as she grew older; and when Sabina would go in to confer with her mistress she would send Yuyu to the nursery, saying, "Run along an' see yo' little mistus, chile, run along."—St. Nicholas.

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The Old Scotchman's Prayer

HOW SIMPLE FAITH WAS JUSTIFIED

I WAS pleased, the other day, with a story which an aged Scotch minister told me about an old Scotchman who, many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of God.

The old pilgrim was poor and ill-clad and partly deaf, but he trusted in the Lord whom he served, and rejoiced in His kind providence. On his way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother.

When they had nearly reached the place of meeting it was proposed that they should offer prayer before they entered the meeting. They did so, and the old man, in language like the following, presented his case:

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf, and I want a seat on the first bench, if ye can let me have it, so that I can hear the Word. And ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think it much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and, therefore, I want you to get me a pair of new ones. And ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay there during the meeting, and, therefore, I want you to get me a place to stay."

When the old man had finished his quaint petition, his brother suggested that his prayer was hardly as reverential as seemed proper in approaching the Supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation.

"He's my Father," said he, "and I'm weel acquainted with Him, and He's weel acquainted with me, and I take great liberties with Him."

So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for awhile in the rear of the congregation, until someone near the pulpit noticed him, and beckoning forward, gave him a seat on the front bench.

A lady who noticed his shoes said to him: "Are they the best shoes you have?"

"Yes," said he, "but I expect my Father will give me a new pair very soon."

"Come with me after the meeting," said the lady, "and I will get you a new pair."

The service closed, and he went with her to her house. "Shall you stay during the meeting?" the good woman asked.

"I would, but I have nae siller."

"Well," said she, "you will be perfectly welcome to stay at our house."

The old man thanked the Lord that He had given him all the three things he had asked for; and, while the young brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, he might learn that there is a reverence which reaches higher than forms and which leads the believer to "come boldly to the throne of grace" to find all needed help in every sad and trying hour.—Baptist Weekly.

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